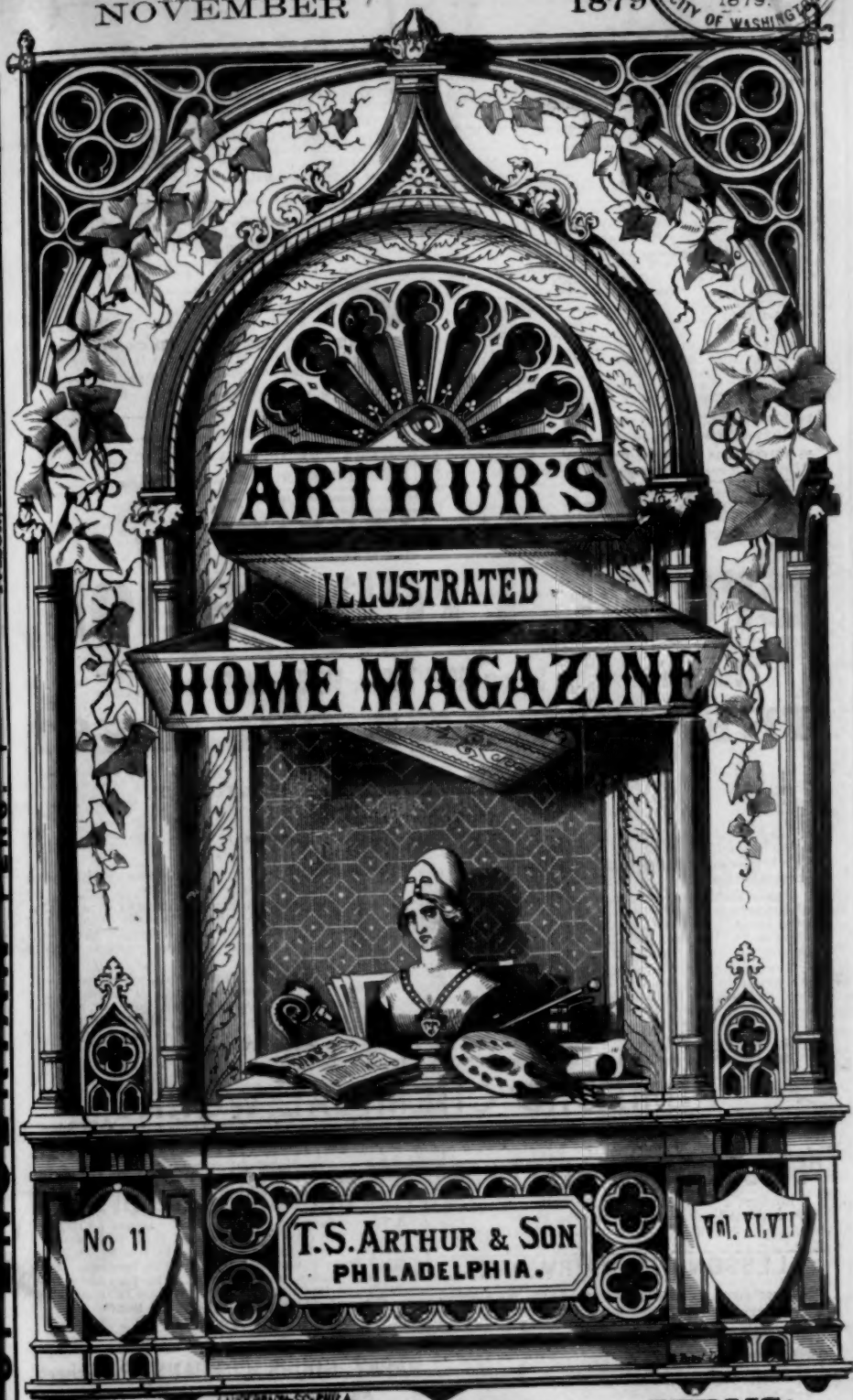


NOVEMBER

1879



No 11

T.S. ARTHUR & SON  
PHILADELPHIA.

Vol. XLVII

Office "HOME MAGAZINE,"  
227 South Sixth Street.

TERMS:  
\$2.25 A YEAR

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Prof. HORSFORD'S

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[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," by E. BUTTERICK &amp; CO.]

# Ladies' and Children's Garments.

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' PROMENADE TOILETTE.

FIGURE NO. 1.—This costume comprises a skirt, over-skirt, basque and cloak, and its most noticeable feature is its stylish simplicity. The skirt is cut by pattern No. 6621, price 35 cents, and its construction is so skillfully planned that it may be adjusted to demi-train or walking length in a moment's time. The convenience of this arrangement is readily appreciated. Two materials, silk and camel's-hair, are employed in the construction of the costume, and both are represented in the trimming of the skirt, which consists of side-platings and ruffles applied in a very effective manner. The model is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and is stylish for all sorts of materials in vogue for costumes.

The over-skirt is made of camel's-hair and comprises only two sections of material. All its edges are bordered with broad bias bands of silk and edged with Spanish lace. Any other style of decoration may take the place of those described, fringe and platings being particularly effective. The over-skirt model is No. 6758, price 30 cents, and is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. The model used for the basque is one of our lat-



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' PROMENADE TOILETTE.

est shapes. It is slightly pointed at the center of the front and short upon the hips, while the back forms deep square outlines. It is fitted by a most skillful use of darts and seams, and the back has a graceful fullness let in below the waistline. This basque is No. 6736, price 30 cents, and is also illustrated in two views upon page 4 of this issue. The model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.

The cloak is made of the camel's-hair and is one of the most stylish wraps of the season. It is closed at the left side of the front in single-breasted style, and the upper portion of the front is turned back in revers, while the neck is completed with a turn-down collar. The pattern is No. 6754, price 30 cents, and is again illustrated on page 4 of this issue. It is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.

Any of the garments comprised in this costume is adapted to all seasonable fabrics, and any variation in the style or arrangement of the trimming that the wearer may fancy is permissible. The cloak

is most effective when plainly finished, and elaborate garnitures are not at all required upon it.

The hat is of felt, trimmed with silk and plumes.



6746

Front View.



6748

Front View.



6748

Back View.

#### MISSSES' BASQUE, WITH VEST.

No. 6748.—This model is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide, together with 1 yard of striped material 22 inches wide, in making the basque as pictured in the present engravings for a miss of 13 years. Price of any size, 25 cents.

#### LADIES' POLONAISE.

No. 6746.—This polonaise is one of the most stylish exponents of the mode. It is here illustrated as made of camel's-hair, with trimmings of striped silk. It has the *panier* effect and is superbly fitted. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and calls for  $6\frac{1}{2}$  yards of any material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide, in making the polonaise for a lady of medium size. Price of any size, 35 cents.



6746

Back View.



6737

Front View.



6760

Front View.



6760

Back View.

#### GIRLS' STREET SACK.

No. 6760.—This jaunty little sack is made of thick flannel cloaking. Of material 22 inches wide, 2 yards are needed in making the sack for a girl of 6 years. If material 48 inches wide is selected, one yard will suffice. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls that are from 3 to 9 years of age, and any size costs 20 cents.

#### LADIES' WALKING-SKIRT, WITH OVER-SKIRT ATTACHED.

No. 6737.—One of the most convenient and fashionable features of this garment is the permanent combination of drapery and skirt. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. It requires  $8\frac{1}{4}$  yards of plain goods and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of striped 22 inches wide, or  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of plain and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of striped 48 inches wide, in making the skirt as here represented for a lady of medium size. Price, 35 cents.



6737

Back View.





6759

*Front View*

6739

*Front View.*

6739

*Back View.*

## GIRLS' ENGLISH MORNING DRESS.

No. 6739.—All sorts of pretty woolen and washable goods will be made up by this dainty model. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age. To make the dress for a girl of 6 years,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of material 48 inches wide, will suffice. Price, 25 cents.

## LADIES' PLAIN POLONAISE.

No. 6759.—This polonaise is especially adapted to soft, heavy goods, and is particularly admired by middle-aged and elderly ladies. It may be worn with a short or long skirt, either plain or trimmed, and may be decorated to accord with the taste of the wearer. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies

from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and calls for  $7\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of goods 48 inches wide, in making the polonaise for a lady of medium size. Price of any size, 35 cents.



6759

*Back View.*

6745

*Front View.*

6762

*Front View.*

6762

*Back View.*

## CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 6762.—A very cunning little costume is portrayed in these engravings. It is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age, and requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of material 48 inches wide, in making the costume for a child of 4 years. Price of any size, 20 cents.

## LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 6745.—There is no material in vogue for ladies' wear that is not fashionably adapted to this model. The pattern is in

9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and calls for  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide, in making the over-skirt for a lady of medium size. Price, 30 cents.

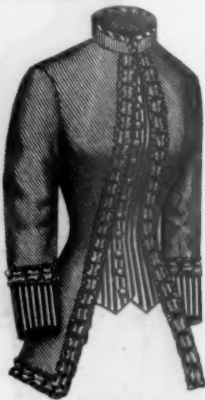


6745

*Back View.*

## LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 6744.—A very handsomely constructed basque model is here represented. Of material 22 inches wide,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards will be needed in making the garment as shown in the engravings for a lady of medium size. Of material 48 inches wide,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard will be sufficient for its construction. The model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Price of any size, 30 cents.



6744

Front View.



6744

Back View.

## LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 6736.—This stylish basque, which is one of the handsomest of the autumnal modes, is here composed of two materials, although the model may be still more effectively made up in three, as its construction permits the use of several fabrics in its formation. It is in this instance composed of a plain and striped suiting, and as the goods are very fashionably combined, the model



6736

Front View.



6736

Back View.

presents a most attractive appearance when completed. The model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and may be charmingly made up of any dress material in vogue. To make the basque as shown in the engravings for a lady of medium size,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of any suitable goods 48 inches wide, will be found necessary. Price of any size, 30 cents.



6747

Front View.



6747

Back View.



6754

Front View.



6754

Back View.

## LADIES' COAT, WITH DOUBLE-BREASTED VEST.

No. 6747.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Of material 22 inches wide,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards will be needed in making the coat for a lady of medium size. If goods 48 inches wide are used,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards will suffice. Price, 30 cents.

## LADIES' CLOAK.

No. 6754.—This cloak is of handsome demi-length, and the pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. In making the garment as represented for a lady of medium size,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of any size, 30 cents.

## LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 6743.—These engravings display a stylish and handsome basque, for whose construction was selected an inexpensive suiting. It is, however, one of the most desirable modes for rich fabrics of either silk or woolen texture. To make the garment for a lady of medium size,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of any desirable goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of material 48 inches wide, will be necessary. The model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and any size costs 25 cents.



6743

Front View.



6743

Back View.

## LADIES' DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT.

No. 6755.—The handsomely trained skirt here depicted is stylish for all occasions where only a demi-toilette is required, and may be decorated with either knife or box platings, bands or ruffles, to suit the taste. The material selected in the present instance for its formation is plain suiting, and the trimming consists of cluster-platings of the same and bias bands of *moiré*-striped silk. The upper plaiting is set on to form its own



6755

heading, and both it and the lower plaiting, as well as both bands, are graduated in width. If more agreeable to the wearer's taste or more convenient to the maker, the trimming of the front may contrast with the train decorations. The model is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. In making the skirt as represented in the engraving for a lady of medium size,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide, are needed. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



6752

Front View.



6752

Back View.



6756

Front View.



6756

Back View.

## MISSSES' CLOAK.

GIRLS' COSTUME.  
No. 6752.—A stylish little costume, illustrating the prevailing *panier* effects, is portrayed in these engravings. The model is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the costume for a girl of 5 years,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide, will be required. Price, 25 cents.

No. 6756.—The jaunty cloak here pictured is made of *écru* cloth, although beaver, camel's-hair and various other cloakings are as suitable for its construction. The model is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the cloak for a miss of 12 years, will require  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of goods 48 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.



6749

*Front View.*

6740

*Front View.*

6740

*Back View.*

#### MISSES' PLAITED WAIST, WITH YOKE AND BELT.

No. 6740.—Waists of this style are among the most fashionable and becoming styles for misses. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and calls for  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide, in making the waist as illustrated in the engravings for a miss of 11 years. Price, 20 cents.



6749

*Back View.*

#### MISSES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 6749.—The beauty of this walking skirt is due to its graceful shape and the stylish arrangement of its drapery. Two materials and even three are fashionably united in its construction, though one may be used throughout, if preferred. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. Of material 22 inches wide,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards are needed in making the skirt for a miss of 12 years. If material 48 inches wide is selected for its formation,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards will suffice for the purpose. Price of any size, 30 cents.



6753

*Front View.*

6750

*Front View.*

6750

*Back View.*

#### GIRLS' GORED, PRINCESS DRESS.

No. 6750.—The stylish little costume here delineated is made of suit goods, and is prettily trimmed with plaitings of the same and silk bands. This model is also quite as appropriate for any other dress material in vogue, and may be decorated either simply or elaborately to suit the taste. To construct the garment as here illustrated for a girl of 6 years,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide, will be requisite. The model is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age, and is suitable for any costume material. Price of any size, 25 cents.



6753

*Back View.*

#### MISSES' PANIER POLONAISE.

No. 6753.—This polonaise is one of the most charming exponents of the panier style of drapery. The model is made of cashmere and trimmed with silk in the present instance, although it is as well adapted to any other kind of suit goods in vogue for misses' wear. It is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and calls for  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 48 inches wide, in making the polonaise as shown in the engravings for a miss of 11 years. Price of any size, 25 cents.





**6741**  
*Front View.*



**6751**  
*Front View.*



**6751**  
*Back View.*

#### GIRLS' CLOAK, WITH VEST.

No. 6751.—This model is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the cloak for a girl of 7 years, will require 3 yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 25 cents.



**6741**  
*Back View.*

#### MISSSES' PLAITED SKIRT, WITH DRAPERY.

No. 6741.—This skirt contrasts prettily with all of the plaited skirts that have preceded it, and is one of the most fashionable modes for Fall wear. Cashmere, silk and all dress fabrics are suitable for it, and a contrast may be developed with two or more materials, if preferred. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and calls for  $9\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 48 inches wide, in making the skirt as here illustrated for a miss of 12 years. Price of any size, 30 cents.



**6742**  
*Front View.*



**6738**  
*Front View.*



**6738**  
*Back View.*

#### CHILD'S SLIP.

No. 6738.—This very dainty little garment is composed of cambric, and is prettily trimmed with tucks and two rows of edging. The model is also suitable for woolen fabrics, and will make up very prettily in cashmere, silk, camel's-hair or merino. The pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. To make the slip as shown in the engravings for a child of 5 years,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of any size, 20 cents.



**6742**  
*Back View.*

#### LADIES' COAT BASQUE.

No. 6742.—The construction of this basque, while quite simple and easily accomplished, is very effective and stylish. It is also particularly adapted to the development of a contrast either in tint or texture. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the basque as here illustrated for a lady of medium size,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  yards of plain material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide, each with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of striped goods in the narrow width, will be requisite. Price of any size, 30 cents.



FIGURE No. 2.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 2.—A fancy *matelassé* suiting of a marine-blue shade is made up into this jaunty costume. The model is No. 6762, price 20 cents, and is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. In its construction for a child of 4 years, it will require  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of goods 48 inches wide.

The hat is of dark-blue felt, trimmed with a natty ribbon band of the same shade as the dress material.



FIGURE No. 3.—CHILD'S SLIP COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 3.—This dainty little costume consists of a fine lawn slip decorated with cardinal Hamburg. The model to the slip is No. 6738, price 20 cents, and is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. To make the slip for a child of 5 years,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide, will be needed.

The hat is of felt, with a ribbon band and bow, and an ostrich tip.

## 6757

Back View.

## LADIES' POLONAISE.

No. 6757.—Any seasonable material, such as *de beige*, serge or cashmere, makes up fashionably in a polonaise of this style, the goods represented in the present instance

being camel's-hair, with trimming of silk in a darker shade and satin pipings. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Of material 22 inches wide,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  yards are needed in making the polonaise as shown in the engravings for a lady of medium size. If goods 48 inches wide are used,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards will suffice. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

## LADIES' CLOAK.

No. 6761.—Beaver, fancy cloth and in fact any of the cloakings or suitings in vogue are appropriate for this model, which is shown in the pictures as composed of cloth neatly finished with braid bindings. To construct the cloak as represented for a lady of medium size,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide, will be requisite. The model is handsome for all the fashionable cloakings, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Price of any size, 30 cents.



6761

Front View.



6761

Back View.

**NOTICE:**—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price and order.

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KATHERINE DOUGLASS.—Page 537.



# ARTHUR'S

## ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

XLVII.

NOVEMBER, 1879.

No. 11



BURLEIGH HOUSE FROM THE PARK.

### "BURLEIGH HOUSE BY STANFORD TOWN."

**M**OST of our readers, probably, are familiar with Tennyson's beautiful ballad of "The Lady of Burleigh." Those who are not will nevertheless be glad to meet with it, while those who are well acquainted with it as a choice favorite; so we give it entire.

In her ear he whispers gayly:  
"If my heart by signs can tell,  
Maiden, I have watched thee daily,  
And I think thou lovest me well."

She replies, in accents fainter:  
"There is none I love like thee."  
He is but a landscape painter,  
And a village maiden she.

He to lips that fondly father  
Presses his without reproof,  
Leads her to the village altar,  
And they leave her father's roof.

VOL. XLVII.—36.

"I can wait on marriage present,  
Little now I give my wife,  
Love will make our cottage pleasant,  
But I love thee more than life."

They to parks and lodges going,  
See the hardy castles stand;  
Summer winds about them blowing  
Made a murmur in the land.

From deep thought himself he rouses,  
Says to her that loves him well:  
"Let us see these handsome houses  
Where the wealthy nobles dwell."

So she goes, by him attended,  
Hears him lovingly converse,  
Sees what towers fair and splendid  
Lays betwixt his home and hers.

Parks with oak and chestnut shady,  
Parks and order'd gardens great,

(511)



KATHERINE DOUGLASS.—Page 537.

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Where the wealthy nobles dwell."

So she goes, by him attended,  
Hears him lovingly converse,  
Sees whatever fair and splendid  
Lays betwixt his home and hers.

Parks with oak and chestnut shady,  
Parks and order'd gardens great,  
(511)

Ancient homes of lord and lady,  
Built for pleasure and for state.

All he shows her makes him dearer ;  
Evermore she seems to gaze  
On that cottage growing nearer,  
Where they twain will spend their days.

Oh, but she will love him truly,  
He shall have a cheerful home ;  
She will order all things duly  
When beneath his roof they come.

Thus her heart rejoices greatly,  
Till a gateway she discerns,  
With armorial bearings stately,  
And beneath the gate she turns ;

All at once the color flushes  
Her sweet face from brow to chin ;  
As it were with shame she blushes,  
And her spirit changed within.

Then her countenance all over,  
Pale again as death doth prove ;  
But he clasped her like a lover,  
And he cheer'd her soul with love.

So she strove against her weakness,  
Though at times her spirits sank,  
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness  
To all duties of her rank.

And a gentle consort made he,  
And her gentle mind was such



WEST VIEW.

Sees a mansion more majestic  
Than all those she saw before ;  
Many a gallant gay domestic  
Bows before him at the door.

And they speak in gentle murmur  
When they answer to his call,  
While he treads with footstep firmer  
Leading on from hall to hall.

And while now she wonders blindly,  
Nor the meaning can divine,  
Proudly turns he round and kindly,  
"All of this is mine and thine."

Here he lives in state and bounty,  
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,  
Not a lord in all the county  
Is so great a lord as he.

That she grew a noble lady,  
And the people loved her much.

But a trouble weighed upon her,  
And perplexed her night and morn,  
With the burden of an honor  
Unto which she was not born.

Faint she grew, and ever fainter,  
As she murmured : "Oh, that he  
Were once more that landscape painter  
Which did win my heart from me."

So she drooped and drooped before him,  
Fading slowly from his side ;  
Three fair children first she bore him,  
Then before her time she died.

Weeping, weeping, late and early,  
Walking up and pacing down,



Deeply mourned the Lord of Burleigh,  
Burleigh House by Stamford town.

And he came to look upon her,  
And he looked at her and said:  
"Bring the dress and put it on her  
That she wore when she was wed."

Then her people, softly treading,  
Bore to earth her body, drest  
In the dress that she was wed in,  
That her spirit might have rest.

Few in America, we believe, are aware that the poem is founded on fact. "Burleigh House by Stamford town" stands to-day in all its olden grandeur, and its present noble owner, who succeeded his father only twelve years ago, is a grandson of the "village maiden" whose story is so sweetly and plaintively told by the Laureate. Her portrait, preserved among the family pictures in the old mansion, cannot fail to interest the visitor. Her name was Sarah Hoggins, and she was the daughter of Thomas Hoggins, of Bolas, Shropshire. She was born in 1773, and died at the early age of twenty-four, leaving four children instead of three, as the singer has given us. Although the Lady Sarah had been her husband's second wife, her son, Brownlow Cecil, Marquis and Earl of Exeter and Baron Burleigh, succeeded his father, Henry Cecil, first marquis, tenth earl and eleventh baron, on the death of the latter in 1804, when the young heir was only nine years of age.

To whatever degree the bard may have used his license, it is certain the modest bride and her family had no idea of the rank of the wooer until after the wedding, and that this brief and romantic marriage was a happy one. When we consider also the ages of the lord and his chosen one, at the time when the latter was advanced to the dignity

"Unto which she was not born,"

Henry thirty-eight, and Sarah nineteen, we have an additional element of interest. And from the many forms in which the story has been used by novelists and poets, we may readily believe all that is said of the young wife's loveliness and sweetness, and that she indeed "grew a noble lady."

Seeing Burleigh itself, we can easily picture "the twain" wandering through

"Parks with oak and chestnut shady,  
Parks and order'd gardens great,"

until at last the unsuspecting bride, full of her sweet visions of the "cottage growing nearer,"

"Sees a mansion more majestic  
Than all those she saw before."

Majestic, indeed, is its appearance, both from a distant and a near view, and seen from any standpoint. Passing through the great park, nearly seven miles in circumference, with its woods and temples, its groves and grottoes, the vast extent of green enlivened by the silvery waters of the serpentine lake, until, about a mile within from the entrance, she was led into the Porter's Lodge and the Quadrangle, reaching at length the Corridor and the Great Hall, and thence through the grand chambers in which she



THE QUADRANGLE.

learned her destiny, her eye rested upon comparatively little which the visitor may not see to-day.

The Great Hall, now called Queen Victoria's Hall, as her majesty has several times honored Burleigh with a visit, is a banqueting-room of magnificent size and of matchless beauty, with open-work timber roof, stained-glass windows, richly-carved gallery and royal and other portraits. The roof is of carved oak, and the lower portions of the wall are wainscoted; and at one end is a music gallery, the cornice of the paneling and the gallery being supported on a number of richly-carved spiral Corinthian

columns. The Ancient Stone Staircase is noted as being part of the original building, erected in 1575. Among the attractions of the Chapel is the seat used by Queen Elizabeth—the same which Queen Victoria occupied when worshipping here. In the Billiard-room, paneled with Norway oak, hangs, among other family likenesses, the portrait of the Countess Sarah. Nearly all the rooms, rendered magnificent by their gorgeous hangings and furniture, are attractive by reason of the fine paintings with which they are adorned—in our day we may find specimens of the works of Rembrandt, Holbein, Van Eyck, Velasquez,

grandchildren; yet such is the fact, Queen Adelaide officiating in that capacity at the christening of Lord Adelbert Percy Cecil, son of the aforementioned Brownlow Cecil, and Queen Victoria at that of Lady Victoria Cecil, Lord Burleigh's youngest daughter. Among the relics pre-erved in the George Rooms are a pair of white kid gloves and a wreath of chrysanthemums worn by her majesty upon the latter occasion.

Royal visits to Burleigh have occurred not only within the last century. Of late ones, however, we must not omit to mention that of William III, who, upon viewing Burleigh, was ungenerous and little enough to say that it was too gorgeous for a subject. And, though scarce to be recorded with regal acts, Cromwell, when he had captured it, "forgot his rage for destruction, and, charmed with its magnificence, displayed his republican generosity by depositing his own picture (by Walker) among those of its fine collection." Queen Elizabeth's bed-room is still adorned with the rare tapestry and provided with the same furniture as in the days of the great queen herself. It is said that upon one of her visits, the then owner of Burleigh, the famous William Cecil, Lord High Treasurer, was showing to his sovereign the beauties of his abode, when she playfully tapped him on the cheek and exclaimed: "Ay, my money and your taste have made it a mighty pretty place!"

From the story of an humble country girl, we have passed to a slight sketch of the princely home into which her lordly lover brought her. The simple beauty of the former, and the majestic stateliness of the latter, taken together, form fitting factors in the romantic interest excited by the place and its associations.

M. B. H.



THE GREAT HALL.

Titian, Paul Veronese, Vandyke, Carlo Dolce, Domenichino, Albert Durer, Guercino, the Carracci, Guido, Teniers, Rubens, Angelica Kauffmann, Cimabue, Salvator Rosa, Murillo, Claude Lorraine, and many others of all ages and climes. But, for splendor, the George Rooms take the palm. These are five apartments on the south side of the mansion, set apart for royalty. They are decorated with allegorical and mythological subjects, and enriched by choice treasures of gold ornaments and jewels.

Little thought the simple-hearted "village maiden" that two queens would stand as sponsors to two of her

ANECDOTE OF ERSKINE.—Erskine was one of the most eloquent advocates that ever practiced at the English bar. He was remarkable for his sturdy common sense, and his freedom from common prejudices. But in some matters he was as timid as a child, and unable to control his superstitious fancies. On one occasion he was dining at Lord Romilly's. As they were about to sit down at table, Erskine noticed that there were thirteen in the company. He turned pale, and was unwilling to take his seat. Fortunately another guest came in, and as the unlucky number had changed, Erskine recovered his spirits, and was one of the most lively guests at the table.

## SCOTTISH FOLK-LORE.

SOME curious superstitions are recorded in a recent volume on the Folk-Lore of West Scotland, by James Napier, who was born and bred among the popular belief of which he writes. The evil-eye was one of the dreaded influences among the ignorant peasants.

"I have quite a vivid remembrance," says Mr. Napier, "of being myself believed to be the unhappy victim of an evil-eye. To remove this influence, I was subjected to the following operation, which was prescribed and superintended by a neighbor 'skilly' in such matters. A sixpence was borrowed from a neighbor, a good fire was kept burning in the grate, the door was locked and I was placed upon a chair in front of the fire. The operator, an old woman, took a tablespoon and filled it with water. With the sixpence she then lifted as much salt as it could carry, and both were put into the water in the spoon. The water was then stirred with the forefinger till the salt was dissolved. Then the soles of my feet and the palms of my hands were bathed with this solution thrice, and after these bathings I was made to taste the solution three times. The operator then drew her wet forefinger across my brow—called *scoring* aboon the breath. The remaining contents of the spoon she then cast right over the fire into the hinder part of the fire, saying as she did so: '*Gude preserve frae a skuth!*' [Preserve him from all harm.] These were the first words permitted to be spoken during the operation. I was then put in bed; and, in attestation of the efficacy of the charm, recovered.

To my knowledge, this operation has been performed within these forty years, and probably in many outlying country places it is still practiced."

The evil-eye was the more to be dreaded since it was not necessary that the evil-worker should see the child—the only thing indispensable being possession of something which had belonged to the child, as a lock of hair, nail-parings or rags of clothing. The theory was, that if one of these was buried in the earth, as it decayed, so slowly and surely would its former owner die, through some assumed association of part and whole, or *sympathy*. In order to guard against this, all hair and nail-parings were scrupulously burned. Many objected even to have their likeness taken; it was unlucky. Doubtless, some lingering fear suggested the evil use a badly-disposed person might make of it; and Mr. Napier speaks of

having heard of several persons who never had a day's health after being photographed. Among other curious superstitions in the west of Scotland—though not all, as students of folk-lore know, peculiar to that district—respecting children, we are told that when a child was taken from its mother, and carried outside the bed-room for the first time after its birth, it was lucky to take it up-stairs; and if—as we suppose was not uncommonly the case—there were no stairs



THE ANCIENT STAIRCASE. Page 514.

in the house, the child was taken three steps up a ladder—we know an instance of this recently in the west end of Glasgow—or, in case of emergency, the nurse got upon a chair! Again, to prevent children being stolen by the fairies, an open Bible should always be placed near a child.

Regarding the aversion to May marriages, the very pertinent remark has been made, that a strong reason exists in Scotland in the fact that the Scottish removal or "flitting" term occurs in the end of May, and what young woman would like to enter upon her married life unless she could in some measure be assured of her new home? Sixty years ago, the first thing done to prepare the house for the bride was, on the bridal eve, to sprinkle salt on the floor, as a protection against the evil-eye; then the bride's feet were washed, this being, as suggested, in all proba-

bility, a survival of the old Norse custom, which enjoined the maiden friends of the bride to assist at a sort of religious purification. On the eventful day, which was always a Friday, great attention was paid to every incident; for if the bride broke a dish, or the postman forgot to deliver a letter to the bride until he was some way on his journey, and had to return, or some soot came down the chimney, it was a bad omen for the future wedded life. After the knot had been tied and the clergyman had kissed the bride, "the party returned in the following order: first, the two fathers in company together, then the newly-married couple, behind them the best-man and the best-maid, and the others following in couples as they might arrange. There were frequently as many as twenty couples. On coming within a mile or so of the young couple's house, where the mother of the young Goodman was waiting, a few of the young men would start on a race home. This race was often keenly contested, and was termed *running the brooze* or *braize*. The one who reached the house first, and announced the happy completion of the wedding, was presented with a bottle of whisky and a glass, with which he returned to meet the marriage procession; and the progress of the procession was generally so arranged that he should meet them before they arrived at the village or town where the young couple were to be resident. He was therefore considered their first-foot, and distributed the contents of his bottle among the party, each drinking to the health of the young married pair; and then bottle and glass were thrown away and broken. The whole party then proceeded on their way to the young folks' house. At riding weddings, it was the great ambition of farmers' sons to succeed in winning the *braize*, and they would even borrow racing-horses for the occasion."

When the bride had been lifted over the threshold, and her mother-in-law had broken the cake of bread over her head, she was lead to the hearth, and the poker and tongs, and occasionally the broom, presented to her along with the keys of the house. These ceremonies ended, and a substantial supper partaken of, the young people turned to the dance, where, if either bride or bridegroom had elder brothers or sisters unmarried, those neglected ones danced the first reel without their shoes. (Scotch weddings, it must be noted, frequently take place in the evening.)

The rejoicing days over, "the first care," says Mr. Napier, "of the young married wife was still, in my young days, to spin and get woven sufficient linen to make for herself and her husband their *dead-cloas* or shroud. I can well remember the time when, in my father's house, these things were spread out to air before the fire. This was done periodically, and these were days when mirth was banished from the household and everything was done in a solemn mood. The day was kept as a Sabbath."

Among the miscellaneous superstitions of daily life, it was said that if, on seeing the first plow in the season, it was coming *toward* the observer, it was

a lucky sign, and whatever undertaking he was then engaged in would be certain of success; but if the plow was going *from* him, the reverse would be his fate. If luck was desired with any article of dress, it should be worn first at church. If a person in rising from table overturned his chair, he had been speaking untruthfully. If a man spoke aloud to himself, he would die a violent death. If nets were set on the Sabbath, the herring would leave the district (thus, it is said, the herring were driven from Lamlash about two years ago). If a double ear of corn were put over the looking-glass, the house would not be struck by lightning. For long it was customary for farmers to leave a portion of their fields uncropped, dedicated to the evil spirit, and called *good-man's croft*.

#### JOHN RANDOLPH.

JOHN RANDOLPH was a rambling, interminable speaker, who frequently, in a three hours' speech, would not allude to the subject of debate. He would discuss history, biography, poetry; in fact, would ramble over every field except the one that the House of Representatives was then surveying. His harangues, however, were so studded with repartees, sarcastic personalities, and eloquent passages that, despite their length and incoherence, the House generally enjoyed them.

There was a member of Congress from Maine who was so in the habit of calling for the "previous question," that he was nicknamed "Previous Question Cushman." He had often annoyed Mr. Randolph by calling him to order. In one of his long speeches, Mr. Randolph spoke of the mechanical ingenuity of the Germans, as seen in the clocks made by them. In some of these clocks automatic birds would come out and sing, or figures of men would perform curious antics, bow and retire. One clock, he remembered, from which the figure of a man—looking at Mr. Cushman—would frequently pop up, cry out, "Previous question! previous question!" and then pop down again out of sight. The House roared with laughter, and the voice of Mr. Cushman was never again heard calling for the "Previous question."

But there was one man in Congress who would not stand the sarcasm and insult with which Mr. Randolph usually overwhelmed an opponent, and that was David Crocket. Randolph tried his game on the rough Kentuckian one day, much to the amusement of the House. At the close of the session, the two men encountered each other in the lobby, when the old hunter transfixed the slender, nervous descendant of Powhatan with his keen eyes, and pointing his finger at him, said fiercely: "If you do that again, I'll pin your ears back and swallow you whole!" Randolph never gave him an opportunity to execute his threat.

WE are all apt to forget that happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked up in strangers' gardens.



## GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

"GRANDMOTHER! Just look at her! I do declare it makes me fidgety to see her sitting there in her easy chair on the front porch, with her knitting lying idly in her lap, the climbing roses drooping over her head, her silvery locks just stirring in the breeze, and she looking as cool, contented and happy as if there was no such thing as toil and trouble in this world, and I don't suppose there ever was for her, or that she ever had anything to do except to enjoy life. There is hardly a wrinkle in her face, and she was sixty-five last month, but some folks always have such an easy time, while you and I, Kate, just have to drudge from morning till night."

"For shame, Daisy Atherly, how can you talk so! Grandmother is just the dearest, sweetest, most lovable old lady in the world, and her dear old fingers are never idle by any means. Just think of the amount of mending she does besides the knitting for all the family; and she is always wiping dishes, peeling potatoes, shelling peas or doing some little chore about the house that helps so much, and Daisy, I do believe she heard you, there was such a sad look on her face as she got up and went into mother's room just as you had finished speaking."

"I can't help it if she did. I meant *her* no disrespect, I am glad she has an easy time, but, I don't understand why there should be such a contrast in people's lives; some folks seem to inherit all the hardships, and others all the ease and pleasure."

"Why, Daisy, this is so unlike you. What can be the matter? I thought you always looked on the bright side of things. Now if I should flare up and say naughty, petulant things, it would not be so very strange. Mother often says: 'Kate, why can't you be more quiet, like your sister, she never complains, but makes the best of everything.'"

"There, Kate, don't say any more. I am ashamed of myself, but I am all out of sorts this morning, the work was harder than usual, yesterday, and I was up with mother more than half the night. What with the care of the household, the dairy, and mother sick, the burden seems greater than I can bear."

"I know you have the care of everything, and have to work hard besides, but I try to help you all I can, sister."

"You help me ever so much, Kate, and you are a real comfort to me, but it is the first time I ever had the charge for any length of time, and the pressure of work has been greater than usual for a day or two; and I did so much wish to go down to the lake with Frank this afternoon."

"Can't we manage it somehow so that you can go, sister?"

"No, for mother is not as well, and father told me this morning there would be an extra hand or two at work to-day; so I sent Arthur down to the Corners with a note to Frank to say I could not go."

"I am so sorry, for you need the recreation."

"I don't care so much for myself, but Frank will

be so disappointed. This is the third time within two weeks that I have had to excuse myself to him."

That evening, when the work for the day was finished, and mother, tenderly cared for, was resting upon the cool pillows, more comfortable than she had been for weeks, the girls drew their chairs out beside grandmother's on the vine-covered porch. Daisy's good-humor was quite restored, for Frank had called in the afternoon, and she had gone out riding with him for an hour. It was a charming evening. The birds were trilling their evening songs, the air was soft and balmy, and the last rays of the setting sun threw the delicate tracery of twig, and leaf, and blossom upon the wall behind them, the queen of the prairies sifted her blushing petals plentifully down upon their heads, and the perfume of a thousand flowers was wafted in upon the gentle breeze.

For a time they were silent as if each feared to break the witchery of the spell, and then Kate drew her chair nearer to her grandmother's, and said: "Grandma, please tell us something of your early days;" for though the dear old lady had been for over five years an inmate of the house, and had greatly endeared herself by her sweet and lovable qualities to every one of the family, yet it seemed so natural for her to be there, and so as if her life must have always flowed in the same channel, that the girls had never before thought to inquire into the history of her life.

Daisy warmly seconded her sister's request, and grandmother said: "I am nothing loth to indulge your fancy, dearies, though there isn't much to tell. My life was much like that of others in my position." And the old lady stroked lovingly the fair hair of Kate, who had placed herself on a stool at her feet.

"Begin away back to your childhood, grandma, or at least to the time when you were a young girl," Kate said.

Grandma nodded and smiled, and after a moment's pause, went on to say: "My life passed without any unusual incident, till I was nearly fourteen. There were five of us children, three brothers and two sisters. We loved each other, and usually lived in harmony, but we had our little misunderstandings and spats as children generally do. I was the youngest, and, till the time I speak of, we lived in a small village, and enjoyed as good opportunities for schooling as the times afforded. My parents were church-going people and we were taught to pay the strictest regard to the Christian religion."

"My father, seeing his children growing up about him, was actuated with a desire to do something more for them than he was likely to be able to do where he was, so, at the solicitation of my brothers, he sold his house and lot, and his little farm of thirty acres, which, with his industry and thrift, had supported us comfortably, and moved into the wilds of a forest in what was then called the West, but is now in a cultivated portion of Ohio; and my Daisy and Kate have no idea of the privations endured by the early pioneers."

"We had been taught to work, as children in those days always were, and were healthy and strong, and we enjoyed the novelty of our new surroundings, and naturally adapted ourselves to our new-style of living. I fancied that mother felt the change more than the rest of us, but she had strong will-power, and a good constitution, and she never shrank from her part of added labor, nor murmured at privations, nor gave way to fits of homesickness; and in less than a year you would have thought that the current of our lives had always run in the same channel.

"Father built a substantial log-house, and he and my brothers set themselves with hearty good-will to the work of clearing up the land, while my mother, my sisters and myself found ample employment for our willing hands.

"In those days nearly all the cloth worn and used by the family was spun and woven by hand. Flax was raised and manufactured into cloth for bed and table-linen, and much of the summer's wear for both men and women; and we used to think that our coppers and blue checked linen dresses and aprons were really neat and tidy, and we felt a sort of pride at the thought that the whole fabric, from the raw flax to the finished garment, even to the manufacture of the thread we used, was the work of our own hands.

"For winter's use we made warm, woolen sheets, and heavy blankets for the beds, and long webs of flannel, linsey-woolsey, kersey and frilled cloth; and we used to feel quite dressed up when we could make a piece of flannel spun half cross-banded and half open-banded, checked in the warp and filling, and get it colored wine color or London-brown, and pressed at the mill.

"Every woman and girl could card and spin, but it was considered quite a fortune to be possessed of a loom and all the appurtenances for weaving.

"Mother traded a chest of drawers with an old lady who was getting too old to weave, for a loom, and in addition to making our own cloth we did the weaving for the whole neighborhood, and in this way nearly supported the family, while father and the boys cleared the farm. To be sure we never took in any money to speak of, for money was not as plentiful in those days as the same commodity is now; but we used to take provisions from those who had more land cleared than ourselves, and sometimes store pay. I remember how pleased and proud Hattie and I were when mother gave us leave to ride six miles with farmer Birch in his heavy farm wagon to the village store, to trade out an order, with permission to get each of us a print dress, a pair of cotton gloves, and a yard of velvet ribbon to tie our hair. One summer Hattie and I employed all our leisure moments in plaiting fine straw, and then knit stockings for Mrs. Finch to pay her for sewing it into hats for our Sunday wear."

"O grandma, how funny you must have looked in your Sunday suit."

"Yes, dearie, it would seem very odd to you, but

all the girls in the settlement dressed so, and we did not mind it.

"We had no carpets in those days, and the floors of our double log-house were of soft maple, and our wrists and backs used to ache with the constant scrubbing. All the woodwork in the house was white or wood color, of course—and the dressers, tables and chairs had to undergo a thorough scouring once a week, and the weekly washings of white tow and linen trousers and frocks—as the men's over-shirts were called—for three or four men, with all the other washing, was no child's play. Our bluing was a piece of indigo tied up in a rag, our starch was manufactured from the common potato, and our soap from lye, made from wood-ashes and grease.

"Every girl knew how to cook, spin, knit, sew, milk the cows, render out lard and tallow, dip candles, clean souse, make sausages, preserves and pickles. Every hour in the long day and evening had its appointed task, and for recreation we used to hunt hens' nests among the logs and brush, go a-berrying, and in the spring, carry maple-sap and boil it into molasses and sugar for family use. It was a laborious life, but I look back to those days when father, mother, brothers and sisters were all together, and all laboring for the general good, as among the happiest of my life. I am the only one that is left of them all."

"How old were you when you were married, grandma?"

"I was married on my twenty-first birthday, and new cares and responsibilities were added, and the labor of my life was by no means lessened by this step. My husband was a poor, but temperate and industrious young man, and we loved each other, and the future looked bright and hopeful. I had been preparing bedding, and little articles for our home comfort for a year before our marriage, and these, with the tract of sixty acres of land which my husband had taken up, upon which he had cleared about an acre and built a small log-house, and upon which he had made one small payment, was the sum total of our earthly possessions. And notwithstanding that we both toiled early and late, and for years hardly gave ourselves an hour for relaxation, it required our utmost exertion to make our annual payments, and to make both ends of the year meet.

"In the meantime the children came one after another, till there were six of them; and what with the care of them through all the little ailments that children are subject to, and the labor of contriving and carrying out the ways and means by which they were to be clothed and fed, my hands and mind were fully occupied.

"When little Ruth, my third child, was four years old she had a fall that injured her spine, and for twelve long years rendered her perfectly helpless. Much of the time she was a great sufferer both day and night, but she was so sweet, gentle and patient that it was a pleasure to take care of her. Her father made her a crib with rockers, and I used to rock her by the hour as I was washing, ironing or

sewing. She never grew very much after she was hurt, and I could carry her in my arms from the bed to her crib till the day of her death.

"Sometimes I would look away to the hills just bathed in the first rosy tints of sunlight, and think, Oh, if I had time but once to see the sun rise, and watch it lighten up the world with its glory, I should be too happy. Again I would be possessed with such a longing to run away into the cool, deep woods near by and rest for an hour.

"The children used to bring me handfuls of wild flowers, and I would put them in a cracked tumbler on the old-fashioned jamb, or in the window, or by Ruthie's crib, and be so refreshed by their fragrance, and the sight of them, and so thankful for the rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed little darlings that brought them, and I would think how desolate and cheerless my life would be without them, and for their sakes I would take new courage.

"Ruthie was very fond of flowers, and one cold winter's day, when she was much worse than usual, a neighbor brought her a half-opened rose from her monthly rose-bush. How her eyes brightened as she took it, and turning to me, she said: 'Mother, how sweet and pretty it is. I want you to pin it on my bosom when you put me in the coffin.' I was startled, for I had not thought of her as soon to leave us, but before nightfall she sweetly breathed her last with the rose tightly clasped in her thin fingers. We placed it upon her bosom, and wept over the little emaciated form as bitter tears as were ever wrung from human hearts. It seemed as if all our light had gone out in darkness, when the sweet, gentle one needed our care no longer.

"This was the first time death had visited us, but it was not the last. The following winter, Robert and Seth, one ten and the other eight years old, died within a week of scarlet fever.

"Years passed, the debt on the farm, by dint of hard labor and rigid economy, was paid off. Clearing and fencing was done, and farm implements and stock were added till it really began to look like living. Another forty-acre lot was bought and partly paid for, when your grandfather was taken sick with a lingering illness which left him a confirmed invalid requiring constant care and attention.

"In the meantime your father and your Aunt Mary had both married, and only your Uncle Charles remained at home. He said he would never leave us, and a good and faithful son he was, so kind to his invalid father and so tender to me. One day he came to me, and said: 'Mother, you have had a hard life of it, but that is past, and your future shall be as easy and bright as two loving children can make it. In one month I am going to bring home my bride, and she has promised to help me lift every burden from your shoulders.'

"I knew and loved the sweet girl who was so soon to become my daughter, and placing my hand upon his head, I breathed a prayer for his happiness, and gave him a mother's blessing, and he put on his hat and went to a neighbor's near by to assist in raising a

barn. I went to the door and watched him through the gate and down the road, and his merry song floated back to my ears like strains of sweetest music.

"Alas, for human hopes! When I saw him again, he was—dead. A falling stick of timber had crushed out at once his life, and all my brightest hopes. The sweet girl-bride—that should have been—came and put her arms about my neck, and nestled close to my heart, as though beside me she could better bear her bitter grief. His father never rallied from the shock, and in one short week we laid him beside the children.

"Then your father took me home with him, and here I have found the first real rest I have ever known. I thank God every hour of my life for this peaceful, restful haven."

When the story was finished, Kate drew the patient face down to hers and kissed it again and again, and Daisy put her arms about the old lady's neck, and said: "Forgive me, grandma, for the cruel words I said this morning."

"There is nothing to forgive, dearie. No children in all the wide world could have been better and kinder than my Daisy and Katie, the dear boys and their good father and mother." CELIA SANFORD.

#### A MEMORY.

THROUGH the daisied meadows,  
O'er the silvery tide,  
Through the leafy woodlands,  
With my bonny bride.

While the bird's songs chorded  
With the water's flow,  
Oft I loved to wander,  
In the long-ago.

Whiter than the daisies  
Was her forehead's snow;  
Redder than the clovers  
Was the cheek's rich glow.

More than bending grasses,  
Every movement's grace;  
Sweeter than all summer  
Was her fairy face.

When the fields are fairest,  
Sparkling shines the stream;  
When the woods are greenest,  
Then my heart doth dream

Of that happy idyl,  
Lived through summer's glow;  
Sweets, and flowers, and chorals,  
In the long-ago.

FANNIE.

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Partington, some years ago on the twenty-second of February, as she watched the military pass by, "ah, yes, Washington is dead, and the worst of it is that his mantle-piece don't seem to have fallen on any man now living."

"We had been taught to work, as children in those days always were, and were healthy and strong, and we enjoyed the novelty of our new surroundings, and naturally adapted ourselves to our new-style of living. I fancied that mother felt the change more than the rest of us, but she had strong will-power, and a good constitution, and she never shrank from her part of added labor, nor murmured at privations, nor gave way to fits of homesickness; and in less than a year you would have thought that the current of our lives had always run in the same channel.

"Father built a substantial log-house, and he and my brothers set themselves with hearty good-will to the work of clearing up the land, while my mother, my sisters and myself found ample employment for our willing hands.

"In those days nearly all the cloth worn and used by the family was spun and woven by hand. Flax was raised and manufactured into cloth for bed and table-linen, and much of the summer's wear for both men and women; and we used to think that our copperas and blue checked linen dresses and aprons were really neat and tidy, and we felt a sort of pride at the thought that the whole fabric, from the raw flax to the finished garment, even to the manufacture of the thread we used, was the work of our own hands.

"For winter's use we made warm, woolen sheets, and heavy blankets for the beds, and long webs of flannel, linsey-woolsey, kersey and frilled cloth; and we used to feel quite dressed up when we could make a piece of flannel spun half cross-banded and half open-banded, checked in the warp and filling, and get it colored wine color or London-brown, and pressed at the mill.

"Every woman and girl could card and spin, but it was considered quite a fortune to be possessed of a loom and all the appurtenances for weaving.

"Mother traded a chest of drawers with an old lady who was getting too old to weave, for a loom, and in addition to making our own cloth we did the weaving for the whole neighborhood, and in this way nearly supported the family, while father and the boys cleared the farm. To be sure we never took in any money to speak of, for money was not as plentiful in those days as the same commodity is now; but we used to take provisions from those who had more land cleared than ourselves, and sometimes store pay. I remember how pleased and proud Hattie and I were when mother gave us leave to ride six miles with farmer Birch in his heavy farm wagon to the village store, to trade out an order, with permission to get each of us a print dress, a pair of cotton gloves, and a yard of velvet ribbon to tie our hair. One summer Hattie and I employed all our leisure moments in plaiting fine straw, and then knit stockings for Mrs. Finch to pay her for sewing it into hats for our Sunday wear."

"O grandma, how funny you must have looked in your Sunday suit."

"Yes, dearie, it would seem very odd to you, but

all the girls in the settlement dressed so, and we did not mind it.

"We had no carpets in those days, and the floors of our double log-house were of soft maple, and our wrists and backs used to ache with the constant scrubbing. All the woodwork in the house was white or wood color, of course—and the dressers, tables and chairs had to undergo a thorough scouring once a week, and the weekly washings of white tow and linen trousers and frocks—as the men's over-shirts were called—for three or four men, with all the other washing, was no child's play. Our bluing was a piece of indigo tied up in a rag, our starch was manufactured from the common potato, and our soap from lye, made from wood-ashes and grease.

"Every girl knew how to cook, spin, knit, sew, milk the cows, render out lard and tallow, dip candles, clean souse, make sausages, preserves and pickles. Every hour in the long day and evening had its appointed task, and for recreation we used to hunt hens' nests among the logs and brush, go a-berrying, and in the spring, carry maple-sap and boil it into molasses and sugar for family use. It was a laborious life, but I look back to those days when father, mother, brothers and sisters were all together, and all laboring for the general good, as among the happiest of my life. I am the only one that is left of them all."

"How old were you when you were married, grandma."

"I was married on my twenty-first birthday, and new cares and responsibilities were added, and the labor of my life was by no means lessened by this step. My husband was a poor, but temperate and industrious young man, and we loved each other, and the future looked bright and hopeful. I had been preparing bedding, and little articles for our home comfort for a year before our marriage, and these, with the tract of sixty acres of land which my husband had taken up, upon which he had cleared about an acre and built a small log-house, and upon which he had made one small payment, was the sum total of our earthly possessions. And notwithstanding that we both toiled early and late, and for years hardly gave ourselves an hour for relaxation, it required our utmost exertion to make our annual payments, and to make both ends of the year meet.

"In the meantime the children came one after another, till there were six of them; and what with the care of them through all the little ailments that children are subject to, and the labor of contriving and carrying out the ways and means by which they were to be clothed and fed, my hands and mind were fully occupied.

"When little Ruth, my third child, was four years old she had a fall that injured her spine, and for twelve long years rendered her perfectly helpless. Much of the time she was a great sufferer both day and night, but she was so sweet, gentle and patient that it was a pleasure to take care of her. Her father made her a crib with rockers, and I used to rock her by the hour as I was washing, ironing or



sewing. She never grew very much after she was hurt, and I could carry her in my arms from the bed to her crib till the day of her death.

"Sometimes I would look away to the hills just bathed in the first rosy tints of sunlight, and think, Oh, if I had time but once to see the sun rise, and watch it lighten up the world with its glory, I should be too happy. Again I would be possessed with such a longing to run away into the cool, deep woods near by and rest for an hour.

"The children used to bring me handfuls of wild flowers, and I would put them in a cracked tumbler on the old-fashioned jamb, or in the window, or by Ruthie's crib, and be so refreshed by their fragrance, and the sight of them, and so thankful for the rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed little darlings that brought them, and I would think how desolate and cheerless my life would be without them, and for their sakes I would take new courage.

"Ruthie was very fond of flowers, and one cold winter's day, when she was much worse than usual, a neighbor brought her a half-opened rose from her monthly rose-bush. How her eyes brightened as she took it, and turning to me, she said: 'Mother, how sweet and pretty it is. I want you to pin it on my bosom when you put me in the coffin.' I was startled, for I had not thought of her as soon to leave us, but before nightfall she sweetly breathed her last with the rose tightly clasped in her thin fingers. We placed it upon her bosom, and wept over the little emaciated form as bitter tears as were ever wrung from human hearts. It seemed as if all our light had gone out in darkness, when the sweet, gentle one needed our care no longer.

"This was the first time death had visited us, but it was not the last. The following winter, Robert and Seth, one ten and the other eight years old, died within a week of scarlet fever.

"Years passed, the debt on the farm, by dint of hard labor and rigid economy, was paid off. Clearing and fencing was done, and farm implements and stock were added till it really began to look like living. Another forty-acre lot was bought and partly paid for, when your grandfather was taken sick with a lingering illness which left him a confirmed invalid requiring constant care and attention.

"In the meantime your father and your Aunt Mary had both married, and only your Uncle Charles remained at home. He said he would never leave us, and a good and faithful son he was, so kind to his invalid father and so tender to me. One day he came to me, and said: 'Mother, you have had a hard life of it, but that is past, and your future shall be as easy and bright as two loving children can make it. In one month I am going to bring home my bride, and she has promised to help me lift every burden from your shoulders.'

"I knew and loved the sweet girl who was so soon to become my daughter, and placing my hand upon his head, I breathed a prayer for his happiness, and gave him a mother's blessing, and he put on his hat and went to a neighbor's near by to assist in raising a

barn. I went to the door and watched him through the gate and down the road, and his merry song floated back to my ears like strains of sweetest music.

"Alas, for human hopes! When I saw him again, he was—dead. A falling stick of timber had crushed out at once his life, and all my brightest hopes. The sweet girl-bride—that should have been—came and put her arms about my neck, and nestled close to my heart, as though beside me she could better bear her bitter grief. His father never rallied from the shock, and in one short week we laid him beside the children.

"Then your father took me home with him, and here I have found the first real rest I have ever known. I thank God every hour of my life for this peaceful, restful haven."

When the story was finished, Kate drew the patient face down to hers and kissed it again and again, and Daisy put her arms about the old lady's neck, and said: "Forgive me, grandma, for the cruel words I said this morning."

"There is nothing to forgive, dearie. No children in all the wide world could have been better and kinder than my Daisy and Katie, the dear boys and their good father and mother." CELIA SANFORD.

#### A MEMORY.

THROUGH the daisied meadows,  
O'er the silvery tide,  
Through the leafy woodlands,  
With my bonny bride.

While the bird's songs chorded  
With the water's flow,  
Oft I loved to wander,  
In the long-ago.

Whiter than the daisies  
Was her forehead's snow;  
Redder than the clovers  
Was the cheek's rich glow.

More than bending grasses,  
Every movement's grace;  
Sweeter than all summer  
Was her fairy face.

When the fields are fairest,  
Sparkling shines the stream;  
When the woods are greenest,  
Then my heart doth dream

Of that happy idyl,  
Lived through summer's glow;  
Sweets, and flowers, and chorals,  
In the long-ago.

FANNIE.

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Partington, some years ago on the twenty-second of February, as she watched the military pass by, "ah, yes, Washington is dead, and the worst of it is that his mantle-piece don't seem to have fallen on any man now living."

## AN OCEAN RIDE, AND THE NEW ITALY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM OMAHA TO CALIFORNIA."

**A**FTER spending several days in San Francisco, we went aboard the steamer, bound for San Pedro. As we gently floated from the wharf, the motion seemed pleasant and agreeable, and we banished all fears of seasickness. The bright, clear air, the sunny sky and tranquil blue waters, all seemed in harmony, and exerted a soothing influence over the mind. As we watch the rise and fall of the waters how grand we feel. Happy thoughts chase each other through our minds, and every new object seems to suggest a fit theme for a poem—every plash and ripple of the waters inspires some dreamy fancy or wild rhythmic measure, and like an echo to our own thoughts, from a distant state-room, in a pure, sweet voice, comes the melody of that grand old song, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." Memory struggles with strange vague recollections of some previous existence, when these same thoughts, feelings and privileges were ours. Did you ever in some specially happy moment have an indefinite sense of having enjoyed the same experience in some former life?

But alas! ere we pass the Golden Gate, "beauties of the deep sea," "previous existence," and present pleasures, are alike lost to us, and the beautiful thoughts that filled our minds are ruthlessly cast into oblivion, by a peculiar sensation which likewise hastens our footsteps in the direction of our state-rooms.

O seasickness! Thou cruel disturber of a tranquil mind! Thou relentless destroyer of so much anticipated pleasure! Thy name is a fit synonym for all that is unwelcome, disagreeable or offensive, yet thou followest the young voyager like some dread Nemesis. Though the sea was comparatively calm, we were obliged to keep our state-rooms during most of the voyage, thereby our admiration for Neptune was considerably diminished. From our windows we catch occasional glimpses of "the deep, heaving sea," but we found "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" a motion not conducive to rest. The morning of the third day we landed at San Pedro by means of a wretched little lighter, and went from thence by rail to Los Angeles. As we neared the city, the air seemed redolent of sweet perfume—a tropical fragrance entirely new to us. Having been deprived of the pleasure so long, we resolved to walk from the depot to the hotel, and I must say our first view of the "City of Angels" was rather unfavorable, being principally the Spanish portion.

We pass long rows of ruinous adobe houses, whose sombre walls seem fitted rather for those of a prison than a home, yet peeping from barred windows, we see mischievous little dusky faces, and floating in the air comes the melody of a song in the beautiful Spanish tongue. Ridiculous specimens of the Mexican juvenile gape at us from the narrow alleys, then with headlong haste, and boisterous mirth, scamper behind some convenient building. As we approach

the hotel the buildings become more modern, and we realize that the old Spanish town is rapidly verging into an American city. We rest at our hotel a few days, and then spend whole days driving through and around the city. The balmy air and sunny sky cause us to forget that it is January and not June, and at every turn we are greeted by some new surprise—the luxurious growth of rare plants which we were wont to see prosper only through the most careful hot-house culture. Piazzas are curtained with fuchsias and heliotrope, while the rose-geranium climbs the houseside to mingle its perfume with the honeysuckle and jasmine. Beautiful roses peep at us through fence pickets, superb roses nod at us from their tree-like stems, and exquisite roses beckon to us from the house-tops.

One day, passing near the cemetery, we beheld a party of Celestials wending their way, with roasted pig, to perform the last sad rites over the grave of a deceased brother. We halted to watch the ceremony, but were too distant to catch more than an indistinct sound of their chanting jargon as they slowly moved around the grave. We spend a week in Los Angeles, and then take the train and visit Santa Ana and some of the neighboring villages; we find the former a lively, stirring little city, its citizens enterprising, and business brisk, but the place offers few attractions to pleasure-seekers, except those interested in agriculture. We saw immense specimens of vegetable growth, from the famous Gaspel Swamp, and listened to incredible stories of enormous productions of that fertile section. The soil all through this vicinity is inexhaustibly fertile, and in many places requires no irrigation, and they possess excellent facilities where irrigation is necessary.

We spent some time at Orange, a little place (one can scarcely call it a town) only three miles from Santa Ana. There are a few business places, and around them are nice young orchards, and nestled in the midst of each, perhaps, a modest cottage—an unpretending, rather old-fashioned place, but a very Eden for those who love quiet and retirement. The Sierra De Santa Ana, a low range of mountains over which a lovely verdure is creeping, forms a somewhat circular background to the landscape on the north and east. Beyond them the San Bernardinos rise in silent majesty, their lofty summits covered with snow, which lends a profounder gloom to the dark gray beneath. At all times the mountains are grand. Sometimes great billows of fog roll along between the mighty peaks assuming strange fantastic shapes in which an imaginative mind may read wondrous stories of beauty. Swift traveling clouds cast shifting lights and shades along their rugged sides, ever revealing some new object of beauty and interest. At sunset they are magnificent. The sunset light lends a roseate tint from crown to base, transforming the masses of snow into untold dazzling gems—nature's jewels, so conspicuously placed—and casting a soft radiance over the sombre gray, between which and us hangs a purple haze. One never wearies of the picture though daily repeated.

Even this, which seems to be mainly a New England settlement, has its quota of Chinese, who bring with them their native characteristics. One day, while out driving, our driver dropped his whip. The road was too narrow to turn without trouble, and having a wild, restless team, he hesitated to leave the carriage, but a Chinaman opportunely appeared just before us, and he politely requested him to get the whip, confident that it was only a few yards behind us. After repeating the request a dozen times and much gesticulating, John still looked at him with innocent perplexity, and kept saying: "Me no sabe Melican man" (American man). At a hint from a companion, the driver finally said: "John, you get me whip I give you two bits," when his perplexity immediately vanished, and he set off on a sort of trot, and soon returned with the missing whip, grinning broadly at the shining silver—the key to a Chinaman's comprehension. Sitting by our window, one day, we saw a Chinaman plodding along the road. He seemed footsore and weary. A lad on horse-back came up with him, and seemed urging him to ride. Having heard that John detests horse-back riding, and also feeling interested in the kind-hearted (?) youth, we watched and were surprised to see him mount behind the boy; but no sooner was he seated than the pony, previously a seeming quiet, well-conducted beast, commenced the most unhorsely performances—rearing, kicking, plunging and other accomplishments known only to a true broncho. John's face became the picture of terror, with frantic clutch he clung to his companion, his hat blew off and his queue came uncoiled and dangled around the pony's flanks, exciting him to new antics. John seemed ready to fall every moment, but still clung desperately to the boy, uttering the most lugubrious and unearthly yells, until favored by a side-long waltz of the mustang's, he alighted on a pile of weeds and rubbish, and with a look of wounded dignity, and unintelligible mutterings, he proceeded on his weary way. We heard a smothered chuckle from the boy as he rode away, and the perverse little beast immediately assumed a docile appearance.

From Orange we returned to Los Angeles, and from there to Santa Monica, a little city by the sea, only sixteen miles from Los Angeles. This little city is very unassuming, but is charmingly situated. The mighty Pacific forms the foreground, while behind it stretches thousands of acres covered with the most luxurious and beautiful growth of allillerea. This plain has a gentle slope until it rises in the Sierra Santa Monica Mountains. The town itself is beautifully laid out in wide streets and broad avenues, which are bordered with encalyptus and pepper-trees, giving it from a distance the appearance of a grove. This place depends mostly on nature for its attractions, but her hand has been lavish. All tastes may find gratification in various ways (I mean the idle pleasure-seeker and tourist). Fishing and hunting are specially rewarded, and mountains and ocean afford numerous objects of interest to those who love picturesque scenery. When the tide is low, how delight-

ful to wander along the long stretch of white sand in quest of shells, which, contrary to our expectations, are seldom found—in our ignorance of the seaside we had thought they lay in countless masses, waiting to be appropriated, but their scarcity is compensated by our own appreciation of the few we find, and adds excitement to the search. The pebbly beach offers a thousand allurements to our restless feet, and when weary, what shall compare with the delicious sense of rest as we lounge on the clean white sand, and behold the glories of the mighty deep.

Far away where the sea and sky meet we catch the gleam of a white sail against the luminous azure, another and still another appears, and with field-glass we watch them tacking as they labor against the wind. If the atmosphere is clear we can see Santa Barbara Island, forty miles distant, faintly outlined against the sky, looming up from the calm waters like some leviathan of the deep arising from a bath. Farther south, and near the mainland, Santa Catalina is plainly visible, its bold, irregular coast forming a striking contrast to the placid waters; but the most interesting feature of these islands is the overhanging fog, which takes such curious shapes as it floats above them; sometimes it is like smoke from numerous chimneys, and again it floats in unshaped masses, until it reaches some forlorn peak where it assumes the form of towers, and fills up the irregularities of the mountain until it resembles some huge old ruined castle so closely, you are surprised to see it relapse into vapor. Nearer shore we see great, awkward porpoises lazily tumbling along through the heaving billows. Dignified little divers ride so gracefully on the breakers, now and then fearlessly diving beneath them. "There is a heart's delight in the racing billows, the noisy surf and the beautiful dashing spray," and what music shall compare with the grand anthems of the inrolling sea.

A few miles above the little city, the smooth, marble-like evenness of the beach is broken by numerous rocks, which increase until they almost blockade our progress. An immense mass of earth and rocks, which Father Time has thoroughly cemented together, has the appearance of having slipped from its original resting-place, so near the sea that at high tide the waves envelop it in their embrace. Through this rocky barrier is a single passage which bears the euphonious title of Arch Rock. The arch is perfect as if done by art, and gives ample room for the passage of teams. Perhaps at some antique period nature shut out from this charming retreat some savage race until, after due repentance, the capricious dame relented, and with her faithful servants, wind and tide, chiseled the shapely entrance. At full moon we make daily trips to these rocks in search of the marvelous treasures of moss and shells, and curious things from the sea, to be found among them, and clinging to their slimy sides. In our homeward ride we stop beneath the shade of friendly sycamores in the cañon (this cañon is called Old Santa Monica, and is two miles from its more recent namesake), and partake of our picnic-dinner,

or, as time orders, supper, perhaps. Reaching home we carefully place our feathery sea-moss to dry in its native brine, reserving the pressing and floating it until some foggy day prevents our going out. Even this Elysium has some foggy weather—it is said the past year has been unusually so—(all things not exactly pleasant are “very unusual” in California.)

The long moonlight evenings we walk along the cliff and alternately admire the ocean and shore. The soft, radiant light as it beams upon the placid bay, reminds one of descriptions of Greece and Italy, and we marvel if the fair moon sheds a clearer, softer light on their classic waters, than on these less celebrated. All things on sea and shore are glorified by the tender light, and regretfully we turn from the wondrous beauty to our needful rest within doors. Our excursions on the beach are scarcely more enjoyed than those we make to the mountains and neighboring cañons, which offer the most charming retreats for picnics among flowering shrub and creeping vine. Climbing up the mountain-sides we find a variety of the rarest and loveliest ferns which lift their delicate fronds among the mossy bowlders. Who shall describe their dainty loveliness? The delicious mountain air instills new life within us, and every pulse thrills with pleasure.

How improper it seems that hunger should intrude among these sylvan beauties, yet truth compels me to state that we are nothing loath when summoned to assist in preparing our woodland repast. That the male members of our party have not been idle, is proved by several brace of quails which are waiting to be broiled. What merry sport we have cooking these quail, and their appearance when brought to the table would not tempt the fastidious appetite, yet how savory they are. Riding home from the mountains against the sea breeze, which is often toward evening so strong as to debar the invalid and those of delicate complexion from venturing out, is to us the most invigorating, enjoyable ride imaginable—every breath of briny air has a health-giving, cheering influence. \* \* \* \* \*

And still we linger by the sea, and have not the desire or the will to leave its genial atmosphere.

H. B.

DOCTOR AND PATIENT.—It is related of Bouvart, a French physician, that one morning as he entered the chamber of a certain marquis whom he had attended through a very dangerous illness, he was addressed by his noble patient, thus: “Good-day to you, Mr. Bouvart! I feel quite in spirits, and think my fever has left me.” “I am sure it has,” replied Bouvart, dryly. “The very first expression you used convinced me of it.” “Pray explain yourself,” said the marquis. “Nothing is easier,” was the doctor’s reply. “In the first days of your illness, when your life was in danger, I was your ‘dearest friend,’ as you began to get better, I was your ‘good Bouvart,’ and now I am ‘Mr. Bouvart.’ Depend upon it you are quite recovered.”

## ALL IN THE SPRING-TIME.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

BY EMMA WILMOT.

### CHAPTER II.

“BELLE. Darrell has come,” was Harry’s greet-  
ing when she reached home, after her visit to Aunt Rachel’s.

“O Harry! And I have invited Nora to dine with us to-morrow!”

“The very thing?”

“Well, I think differently. Why did he come this week? I thought it was next.”

“So his letter said; but for some reason he came to-day.”

“Well, I suppose there is no way out of it now; Nora will have to come to-morrow.”

“Of course she will. She is pretty enough to meet Darrell had he traveled all over two worlds.”

“So she seems to think,” sarcastically.

“Now, Belle, be just. You know there is not a particle of vanity about Nora.”

She deigned no reply to this, but passed to her room, and in an hour was ready to meet Mr. Darrell. He was a man of about thirty, tall and well-built; closely-cut hair, no whiskers, but a full mustache; his manner was elegant but simple, such as always accompanies a liberal education and manly heart.

Soon Miss Hamil came in, and Belle laughingly asked: “So, Betty, you met my cousin and her dog this morning?”

Mr. Darrell seemed amused, but made no comment.

“Yes; who told you?”

“I heard it from Aunt Rachel. I was there, too.”

“I did not know she was a cousin of yours, though; she did not tell me.”

“What a wonder!” she laughingly replied. “Yet she is a cousin of mine—in the third degree, I believe. Did her dog attempt to devour you?”

“Oh, he barked; but I believe that is a habit among dogs,” she replied, carelessly. “But Carlo and I are good friends now. So are his mistress and I—Miss Nora, I believe; she did not tell me any name but Nora.”

“Just like her—Montgomery.”

“Montgomery!” interrupted Miss Hamil. “What a beautiful name—Nora Montgomery!”

“Do you think so, Mr. Darrell? I never found it particularly attractive,” said Belle.

“I cannot tell, Miss Hammond, until I meet its owner. Names, to me, are so much a part of their possessors, that they are beautiful or hateful just as their owners make them.”

“Then, after you meet Miss Montgomery, forever you will like Nora,” said Miss Hamil. “And now that I come to think of it, her name *de es* suit her; I could not imagine it any other than Nora.”

“You must not think strangely of my speaking in the way I did of my cousin just now,” Belle said to Mr. Darrell, quite confidentially, when Harry and Betty walked out upon the porch. “Betty and Harry are quite fond of each other, but Nora is a



mercenary little thing, and has set her heart upon becoming Mrs. Harry Hammond. She is not the person we would select as a wife for him; so mother and I often speak of her faults, as gently as we can, though, to keep him from becoming infatuated."

Belle had studied out this falsehood, and had in it a double motive.

"Miss Hamil's hold upon Harry cannot be very strong then—or rather you cannot have much faith in it."

"Yes, I have," she stammered; "but I do not know to what length Nora would go," she said, and changed the subject quickly.

Belle was a little—just a little, though—afraid of Nora's pretty face; so she wished to prejudice Mr. Darrell against her before he saw it.

"So you have seen our Hazel?" Harry asked of Miss Hamil as they sat at dinner.

"If Hazel is a synonym for Nora, yes," she replied.

"It is a synonym for Nora's own self. Isn't she beautiful?"

"Yes, I thought her very pretty," said Betty.

"And very conscious of it," put in Belle.

"When did she become so?" asked Harry.

"I will prove it to you. Read that," and she drew a note from her pocket. "She actually sent it to the house this morning by Carlo, while she sat under the trees in the lane. Her vanity would not allow her to wait until she returned herself."

Harry read it, and laughed loudly.

"Just like her! I would recognize the contents of that note in Egypt. Listen, Darrell. This is the best introduction I could give you. It is Nora's self. 'My Devoted Aunt: It has just occurred to me that I would like to know what kind of looking girl I am. Will you send by bearer my hand-glass, well wrapped, that I may be enabled to satisfy my curiosity at once.' Signed, 'Nora.'"

Mr. Darrell joined in the laugh.

"Did she get the glass, Miss Belle?" he asked.

"No, of course Aunt Rachel did not send it to her; so she came to the house herself. She must be a terribly vain girl who cannot do without her mirror between the times of making her toilet."

"Nora hasn't a particle of vanity," said Harry; "but I don't see how she keeps from it, for I cannot be where she is without spending seven out of every ten minutes feasting my eyes on her, to save my life. No man could. Darrell, you shall see her to-morrow and judge for yourself."

"Shall I? But do you know, Harry, there is nothing upon which people's opinion so differ as the beauty of the human face? What you consider divinely fair, I may think quite commonplace."

"But hers is not that kind. There can be no two opinions about it. Even those who dislike Nora acknowledge her beauty."

"You see how matters stand," said Belle to Mr. Darrell, when they were alone. "I hope you will not acknowledge to Harry how pretty you may think her, for she is pretty."

The appointed time for dinner had almost arrived, but Nora had not. Harry was entertaining Betty with some stereoscopic views in the strong light of a window, while Mrs. Hammond, Belle and Mr. Darrell sat conversing.

"Nora not come yet, mother?" asked Belle, as the silver tones of the clock announced the hour. "I cannot see how any one can dread the ordeal of dinner," she continued, "it is such a natural thing." She laughed softly, and looked very graceful, thrown back in an easy chair.

The door opened, and Nora entered. She was dressed—as Nora always did dress—in something every one admired while with her, but could not describe after she had left. Like her name, it was a part of herself, and the most any one ever heard of it was that it was pretty and becoming.

"Nora, you should never keep dinner waiting," said Mrs. Hammond.

"Have I?" she asked, not in the least embarrassed by the rather embarrassing remark, and looking at the clock. "It is one minute past five, and this is three minutes faster than your library clock."

"That's so, mother," said Harry. "Nora is in time."

Mr. Darrell bowed very low as they were introduced, and in Nora's eyes, for one moment, there was a look of surprise, as she recognized the tramp of yesterday; then she turned carelessly to Belle, who was slowly arising.

"Do not disturb yourself on my account, Belle," and passed on to speak to Miss Hamil.

Belle gave Mr. Darrell a look which said, "I told you so;" but she could not interpret the one which he gave in return.

"I looked for you in vain this morning, Miss Hamil. Did you walk in our direction?"

"No. I did not go out at all. Did you?"

"Oh, Hazel goes, rain or shine," interrupted Harry. "Does any kind of weather keep you in, Nora?"

"Yes," she laughed; "windy. But I brave even that if it lasts over two days."

"Why do you go so often, Nora?" asked Belle. "Simply searching for health?"

"No. I would hardly search for what I have in such abundance. And yet, if I look at it in that light, it cannot be pleasure, for I have it also in plenty; so I suppose I go because it is my nature to, and find both health and happiness in doing so."

"Are they to be found anywhere around here, hidden in the rocks and trees, Miss Montgomery?" asked Mr. Darrell. "If so, you should make the secret known to the world, and the way of making them yield up their treasures."

"It is a secret that cannot be imparted," she replied, pleasantly. "Each individual has to learn for himself. The key that unlocks the world and lets out happiness for me, might be useless in the hands of another."

Dinner was announced now, and Mr. Darrell looked in vain for the red face and awkward manner

that Belle had told him about. He noticed that Nora walked with Harry and Miss Hamil to the dining-room rather independently of that young gentleman, he thought, and that she was not in the least disconcerted by the rather long list of courses for an American table.

"Nora, we had quite a treat at dinner yesterday," said Harry.

"Indeed! In the shape of what?"

"A note," he replied, laughing.

"It must have been a valuable one."

"Valuable only to its writer, I think," said Belle.

"Why did you take such trouble to capture it, then, sister mine?" asked Harry, as he handed Nora a paper.

Mr. Darrell, watching her, saw the blood rush to her face, and an angry look dart toward Belle; then she answered simply, returning the note to Harry:

"I hope you were all edified."

"Mystified, rather."

"Why, it is plain enough," she answered, the fun and good-nature again making her dark eyes sparkle. "I wanted to see how—how—how my complexion was coming on," she finally said, with a laugh; "but I had no idea any one but Aunt Rachie would see the note."

"Mr. Darrell, are the women of other countries as vain as American woman?" asked Belle, pointedly.

"I find human nature pretty much the same all over the world, Miss Belle," he answered.

"A South Sea Island beauty as vain over her scanty wardrobe as Belle or Nora here over their voluminous ones?" asked Harry.

"Please class me with the South Sea Islander, Harry," said Nora, quickly; "that word voluminous does not suit my wardrobe. Mr. Darrell, did you, in any clime, come across a woman without any vanity?"

"I have not been a very close observer of the fair sex, Miss Montgomery; but I expect there are many such."

"Poor things, I pity them! Nothing to be proud of!"

"Why, Nora?" exclaimed Harry. "What do you mean? I have been boasting that you had none."

"Then you made a wide mistake, for I am vain—at least—"

"What is it?" he asked, as she hesitated. "Out with it!"

"My hair."

"And what is there in that?" he asked, looking at the dark brown locks, that were bronze as the light fell upon them. "What can you find in it to cause vanity? Not its color, surely."

"I do not know, except when I meet old friends of my mother's they always say, 'She has her mother's hair;' and then I think in the whole wide world there can be none so beautiful."

"Nora, do not talk so much," said Belle, in an undertone, as they quitted the table. "Mr. Darrell

hates a talkative woman. He thinks a glib tongue the sign of an empty head."

"Then I shall teach him that all signs fail," she replied, with cool impudence. "Mr. Darrell," she called, stopping in a bay-window that commanded a fine view, "is there anywhere in the world a river so noble as ours?"

"Yes, Miss; in a very insignificant part of our own country, in a wee corner, seemingly cut off from the rest of the world, there flows a river, shorter, but as broad and far more beautiful than the Hudson."

"Then I should like to see it, for I have always considered ours—that is, the Hudson—the grandest in the world. It was not an impossible river you spoke of?" she said, suddenly.

"An impossible one!" he exclaimed, in surprise.

"Do not mind Nora's questions, Mr. Darrell," said Belle, who all this time had been standing aside, too angry to speak, "she asks the most unheard-of ones."

"An impossible one, Miss Montgomery!" he repeated.

"Oh, I mean a canvas one"

"A picture, do you mean?"

"Of course. The last time I was in New York, they took me to some famous gallery, and there, covering one entire end of the room, was a river, making the most frantic efforts to run up hill. So I thought perhaps your wee river in the wee country was one of these impossible ones."

"No," he laughed, "it is a *bond fide* one—and not a wee one, either."

"Then I hope I shall see it."

She had crossed her hands, and was leaning against the window, the sunlight falling upon her, lighting up the hair and transparent complexion, until Mr. Darrell thought, on canvas or off, he had never seen such a beautiful picture.

"So do I," he said, with more earnestness than the occasion required.

She looked up in surprise.

"But as I do not even know its whereabouts," she continued, "I will have to be contented with this," throwing up the window and passing out.

Mr. Darrell had been watching her so intently, that he was unconscious of Belle's presence until she touched his arm.

"Are you dreaming?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, laughing. "Miss Montgomery's conversation about rivers called up a little episode in my life that set me thinking."

### CHAPTER III.

"NOW, Carlo, you are still my best friend, because I never give up old ones for new; but if Miss Hamil is as nice upon acquaintance as she seems now, I should like her for a friend, too."

Nora was standing on the porch watching a figure walking slowly along the road. She was holding Carlo by the collar, and there was great intentness in her eyes (as there always was in her serious moods)

as she watched. Suddenly her whole face beamed with joy.

"Yes, my dog, she is coming for us. You see I was a little uneasy, for it was I who made the offer of friendship, and I did not know whether it would be accepted. But now that she has turned into the lane, we may go meet her; for, had she not wanted us, she would have gone on past. Then we could not have gone to her, for it would never do for people to say that Nora and her dog are intruders."

She tied her hat over the beautiful hair and hastened down the lane.

"Why didn't you come before?" said Miss Hamil. "I stopped under that large oak and waited for you. Didn't you see me?"

"Yes, but I was not sure you were coming for us," the slightest shade of pink coming into her face.

"Us!" exclaimed Miss Hamil.

"Oh, I mean Carlo and me," laughed Nora. "You see he is a very proud dog—in his way—prouder than even Mahomet, for Mahomet, when he found the mountain would not come to him, *did* go to the mountain. But Carlo waits, and would never go, unless, indeed, driven by Aunt Rachie."

"Ah! I understand," laughed Miss Hamil; "you never want to go to 'The Hammonds.'"

"Never!" very emphatically.

"Then I shall come often to you. Can we sit out on the porch?" she continued, as they entered the yard.

"Yes," replied Nora, drawing chairs in the shade of the vines; "but we will not have a chance for a quiet chat, as here come Mr. Darrell and Harry."

"Nora," called the latter from the gate, "may we enter?"

"Certainly. Lift up the latch and walk in, as they say to the children. Which way has fancy been leading you gentlemen this morning?"

"By the noblest river in the world," said Mr. Darrell, laughing.

"Then you acknowledge that your wee one is surpassed, or that the wee corner in which it exists is your imagination? Which?"

"I for a moment forgot my wee river, that is a real one in a real country. To it I still give the palm."

"Well, as I have not seen it, I cannot quarrel with you about it, much as I would like to."

"Are you fond of quarreling, Miss Nora?"

"It is my life. The most healthy exercise I ever engage in, and certainly the most pleasant," she laughed, making a wry face.

"I would hardly credit that if it were said of you."

"No? Credit it now, then, for I have reduced it to a fine art. The pleasure derived from it is unlimited. But don't talk about it, as I cannot engage in it now. Come look at my rockery."

"Is this the one you told me you made yourself?" said Betty.

"Yes; that is, Carlo and I. We hauled the stones from the spring. I pulled the wagon up full, and he took it back empty."

"Nora, I would be ashamed to tell it. Was there no one about the house to do it for you?" said Harry, angrily.

"Yes, an indolent young man, stretched back upon the porch in an easy chair smoking. He might have helped me, but for some reason did not. See, this is my wagon," drawing a little four-wheeled vehicle, that would have been the delight of any boy of twelve, from under the porch. "Carlo draws it splendidly empty, and I full; don't I, Harry?"

"I know nothing about it, except that I tried to prevent you hauling those great rocks up that hill."

"There, Harry! I did not intend to tell that you were the indolent young man on the porch; but—Mr. Darrell," suddenly, "did you ever read a book entitled 'The Dignity of Labor?'"

"No, Miss Nora."

"Now Harry does not think there is any dignity in it; but I will lend you the book."

"You can't, you have already loaned it to me," quite snappishly.

"Well, I suppose you will return it sometime. But I did not look very dignified that day, I must confess."

"You looked like a fright," interrupted Harry.

"Not a very dreadful one, then, for you stayed all day watching me; and, Betty, would you believe it, actually he had the impudence to walk out and inspect my work after it was completed."

She had moved toward a gate at the side of the yard as she talked, and was passing out, when Harry stopped her.

"No, Nora, we are not going to look at your spring. Darrell and I must be going."

"Must you, Mr. Darrell? It is not far. Just along this path through the wheat, and over that little hill."

"I see no necessity for our going yet, Harry, and I should like to see the spring. Is it like the river, the most beautiful in the world, Miss Nora?"

"Yes, unless you know of a wee one that outshines it."

"I can recall no very beautiful one; though I think the spring out of which I used to drink, when a boy at school, the dearest one. Clear as crystal, and always cool! We boys used to make cups of our hands, so, for the girls. Ah, such water—such girls! Does your spring surpass it, Miss Montgomery?"

"It certainly has no such memories for me; but look for yourselves. Isn't it beautiful?"

Over the hill and under the trees was a spring, several yards square, with the water bubbling up through the silver sand, and flowing off in a little rivulet over the whitest of stones.

"If you will sit here on the bank, I will bring you some water in one of my cups."

She pulled several leaves from a bush, and was forming one, when Mr. Darrell came to her side.

"No, give me one of my cups," and he fixed her hands together.

"After I have washed them I will."

She dabbled the little white fingers in the rill,

then dipping them into the spring, offered them to him full of water. Harry was now standing by them, and after Mr. Darrell had finished she offered him some in like manner. He refused, and with a little laugh she offered the same to Mr. Darrell.

"I have hopelessly offended you, haven't I, Harry?" she asked.

He made no reply, but slipping Betty's hand through his arm, they walked around the spring and followed the little stream through the wheat.

"We will sit here and wait for them, Mr. Darrell," Nora said; "then you can tell me something more of your spring."

"I think I condensed the entire history of it in those few sentences awhile ago. Would you not rather hear something of the river?"

"Yes, do tell me."

"As I said, it is a most beautiful one, that winds serpent-like through a low country; but at one of its loveliest bends there is a promontory, and upon it stands an old stone house, surrounded by beautiful grounds. It was there that one of the girls lived that used to drink out of my hands at school. I always loved her, from a boy; that is why giving her water in my hands was the most pleasant duty I had to perform the whole day through. Well, one evening, after she was grown and had become too dignified to take it in that way, I was at her house upon this river. It was strawberry season, and we were going to have our tea under the trees down by the spring, with our berries. In a spirit of mischief, I said to her: 'Nora'—her name was Nora—'take a drink from my hands as we used to do when we were children.' 'No,' she said, 'you drink from mine.' As I bent my head to the cup she formed, I noticed the glitter of a handsome diamond. 'It is my engagement-ring,' she said, as she saw me start. 'I will give you yours to-night.' I had been engaged to her for several years, and she almost broke my heart; but I have never seen her since that night."

As he ceased speaking, he looked at Nora for the first time, and saw that tears stood in her eyes, while her whole sweet face was full of sympathy.

"Are those tears for me?" he asked, in surprise.

"Yes, and for her, too."

"Why for her? She is happy."

"Ah! but I know she has spent many miserable hours since."

"You mistake. I hear from her occasionally, and she is always well and happy."

"Then they must be for you," laughing. "I never was in love myself, and cannot understand exactly, but I know while you spoke I was very sorry for somebody. The one that suffered most, whichever that was. Would you come to a 'tea-drinking' of mine, if I had one?"

"With pleasure."

"Then I shall have one next week. Let me see, right here, on this very spot, with strawberry accompaniment—only Nora will be left out."

"You?"

"No; your Nora of the wee river. But Belle will

be here, and Betty and Harry, of course. Come," she said, jumping up, "let us go and invite them at once."

"Wait," he said, putting out his hand to detain her. "Let me tell you—the wee river story (I shall always call it that now) has never been mentioned before, either to or by me."

"I understand and appreciate your confidence. Beside, I am so sorry for you and Nora; for I cannot help thinking that she, too, needs sympathy."

## OCTOBER.

THE maples bold to crimson blush beneath the frost-king's kiss,

The winds of every other land, balm-freighted, breathe on this;

The south wind from magnolia groves and bowers of jessamine,

The west from woods and prairies vast, his feet are tangled in;

The north wind bears the breath of pines upon his restless wings,

And spicy hints of far-off isles the roving east wind brings.

October! hail, all hail to thee! fair queen of our own clime,

Beyond all else the year may boast, thine is the golden time;

Thy trailing robe is on the hills, thy footstep fair we see,

A witness of thy kingly touch is every bush and tree.

Steadfast and strong the dark-limbed oaks their blood-red banners hold,

And side by side with russet beech flame elms of palest gold.

The forests set their colors off by hemlocks dark between,

The skies a deeper azure take, the fields a paler green,

The apple-orchard's mellow breath sweetens the dreamy air,

And nature holds a truce with death to make herself more fair.

MARJORIE MOORE.

DUTIES.—There are some duties which should be performed to-day, yet they will wait as patients in the ante-room of a physician. The ante-rooms of many souls are filled with duties that have been waiting, one two hours, another a month, a third a year; and one old grave duty, leaning on his crutch, says: "Ah, I have waited forty years for audience, and have not yet found it!" Some duties come at last, like the bailiff with his warrant, or the sheriff with his writ; they will follow you and dog your footsteps until you shall give them audience. There are some duties that can only be done to-day—tomorrow's duties being those of reparation.



## MAY'S STRATAGEM.

"MAY, are you busy this morning?"

"No; what do you want me to do?"

"Nothing very serious, dear; but I have broken the clasp of my bracelet, and I want you to try to get it mended for me. Any jeweler would do it; but I must have it this evening to wear at Mrs. Dane's."

The speaker is my Cousin Lili. She is trying on her hat before the looking-glass of our pleasant sitting-room. I am on my knees at the side-board cupboard, putting away the butter, and sugar, and marmalade that we have been using for breakfast.

"All right," I reply, gayly, sweeping the crumbs off the one small shelf into my lap. "Hurrah, Lili—here is a tin of oysters! Suppose we have them for breakfast to-morrow morning?"

"You'd better not suggest anything so extravagant to Aunt Mary," says Lili, laughing; "and that reminds me—when is she coming home?"

"This evening, I believe. Fanny is much better, and auntie hopes to be able to leave by the four o'clock train."

"That means she will be here by six at latest. We'd better have some cutlets for tea; don't you think so?"

"Yes; I'll see to them," I answered, locking the cupboard and rising with difficulty to my feet; "and, if I have time, I will go to Piccadilly and get some American tomatoes."

"Good girl!" says Lili, tenderly. "And here is the bracelet. If you were to go to Leigh, he would tell you at once where to take it."

"I shall have no occasion to trouble Leigh," I reply, shaking my linen apron in the fender; "I have seen a working-jeweler's shop not very far away, and I will take it there first."

Lili makes her books and music into one parcel, gathers her long black dress into its fastener, and, kissing me affectionally, hurries away. She is a dear little hard-working governess, also a very fine musician, and, between the two, she earns a very comfortable livelihood. She shares a charming suite of apartments with a widowed aunt, who is very much attached to her, and who, in my opinion, is the very model of chaperons. Mrs. Leslie, or Aunt Mary, as we call her, has been away for some days visiting a sick friend in the country. Lili is engaged to be married to Charlie Dane, the son of a near neighbor of ours at home; and to-night he and Lili are going to a party given in their honor by the uncle who has brought Charlie up. I have been invited too; but, alas, I have no costume gorgeous enough to appear in as Lili's friend, so I do not go!

Charlie is a handsome, clever fellow, and is fast rising in his profession as an architect; but I do not like him, and Lili's devoted love for him has always been a matter of astonishment to me. She is so pure, and good, and lovely; and, if Charlie lives to be a hundred years old, he will never be worthy of her. However, Lili has chosen to marry him, and perhaps there is more good in him than I imagine.

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Having tidied up our small parlor and watered the flowers, I array myself for taking Lili's bracelet to be mended; and, after five minutes' chat with our amiable landlady, in which I inform her of the time of my aunt's arrival, and what we shall want for tea, I let myself out into the warm spring sunlight, and saunter delightedly down the street.

Suddenly some one touches me lightly upon the shoulder, and a voice inquires breathlessly whither I am going. The hand and voice are Charlie's.

I tell him I am going on an errand for Lili, and bid him good-bye at least half a dozen times, while he coolly walks on by my side.

"Don't be angry," he says, trying to get into step with me; "I've nothing particular to do this morning, and I want to have a talk with you. I suppose I can go on Lili's errand, too?"

"No, you cannot," I reply, crossly. "I do not want you with me."

"You never do, May; you avoid me as though I had the plague."

"I do nothing so flattering; I am perfectly indifferent about your movements generally, but this morning I prefer my own company to anybody else's."

"You won't let me accompany you?"

"No; I will not." I have come to a dead stop, but Charlie does not seem to notice it.

"Let me accompany you this once, May, and I'll never bother you again."

"No; you shall not," I cry in a rage. "I don't want you, and I won't have you—there!"

"Indeed," answers Charlie. "But, having made up my mind to keep with you, I don't see how you can prevent me."

"Don't you? Very well then—I will show you;" and, running up the steps of a large house we have just passed, I violently ring the bell, and Charlie is left alone.

Leigh Morton, at whose house I have taken refuge, is my cousin. He is an artist, and very poor, but he is clever, and he works hard; so some day, if health and fortune do not forsake him, he may be rich and famous. It is many weeks since I have been in Leigh's studio, and he may not be at home. My heart throbs so loudly that I think some one must hear its beating, while I wait for an answer to my summons. Then the door opens, I step into the cool, dark hall, and Leigh himself is coming down the grand though dilapidated stairway to meet me.

"Why, what a surprise!" he cries, with a genuine tone of welcome in his voice. "And all alone, too! Come into my room and let us have a nice quiet chat."

Leigh's room is large and bare; there are no rich draperies, or old armor, or antique cabinets to give an air of culture and mystery to the pictures he labors over so faithfully. He is no *dilettante*, painting for pastime, but a man of intense thought and feeling, who has something to express by his art, and, in following after his highest ideal, he forgets at times the need for wealth and leisure to insure him success for his mighty efforts.

Then, again, his health is very delicate, and he has no one to look after him and see that he does not kill himself by overwork and lack of the commonest comforts of life—no one indeed, but the little Frenchman, M. Rolfe, who shares his studio, and engraves for a living the pictures of more successful men than his friend.

M. Rolfe comes forward and chatters to me in his funny broken English; and then I sit down by Leigh's easel, and tell him about the bracelet. He examines it carefully, and carries it away for a few minutes, then returns with the welcome intelligence that he can get it mended for me by six o'clock.

"I will bring it along myself," he says, kindly, "and pay my respects to Aunt Mary at the same time. And now tell me all about the country, May, and what it was like when you last saw it."

Leigh adores the country, and knows every inch of Glenthorn better than even I do; yet I describe the lanes, and woods, and fields to him as though he had never seen them in his life, and answer all his questions about the people and the place until I think it is time to go.

"Come early, Leigh," I say, at parting. "Aunt Mary will be so glad to see you. Lili and Charlie are going to a party to-night, and we can have such a good talk; and I will play to you, if you like, all your favorite airs from *Faust*."

"Thanks, May; I will come—never fear."

My heart seems overflowing with joy as Leigh takes my hand upon the threshold of the room and escorts me down the stately stairs to open the hall door for me; and, with many injunctions to him to remember the bracelet and to come early, I pass out again into the brilliant light of the streets.

Having nothing particular to do, I decide to go home, get a basket, and invest in various small luxuries from the American store.

"What a shame," I think to myself, "that Leigh should have to work so hard! How pale he looked, how thin he is, and how frightfully he stoops, while Charlie—"

But, with Charlie's name upon my lips, I run against Charlie himself at the corner of the street. He is anxiously examining the contents of a *bric-à-brac* shop-window until I pass him, then he hurries after me.

"May, why are you so unreasonable?" he says, determinedly. "I know you went into Morton's only to escape me; so I have waited for you. I have made up my mind to speak to you alone to-day, therefore you might as well listen quietly."

"I cannot hear a word you say," I shout, as a deafening railway-van thunders along the street. "What do you want to talk to me about that you must see me alone?"

"Can you not guess?"

"No more than Adam," I reply, with forced hilarity. "But, if we are to talk, let us get into some quieter place; I can hardly hear my own voice in this hubbub."

"Shall I call a hansom, and drive to the park?"

"Certainly not, when an omnibus will take us there in five minutes. But I cannot waste my time in the park to-day; I have to go into Piccadilly to get some things for Aunt Mary."

"All right," says Charlie, firmly; "then we will go to Piccadilly; but the park will be delicious this morning. Never mind your errands for once, there's a dear girl. Come with me into the park now, just for ten minutes."

So we go into the park, and walk away from the beaten track, over the green spring grass, in sight of the blue sky and freshly-leaved trees; and so soft and balmy is the gentle breeze that one might well imagine the great expanse of flickering greensward to be a hundred miles from the dust, and noise, and heat of the metropolis.

At last we seat ourselves under a fine old elm, and there I listen to Charlie's story. At first I am too much astonished to say anything; I sit quite still, my eyes fixed upon the dancing sunlight on the waters of the lake, while the carriages flash past like phantoms in a dream, and Charlie's words re-echo themselves dully in my brain. Then suddenly I seem to understand clearly what he is saying, what he means, and great pain and terror succeed the quietness.

He tells me that it is I, and not Lili, whom he loves—that, much as he admires and esteems his betrothed, he has lately lost his heart entirely to me—that he was really in love with Lili in the old days when they were children together, and that afterward, when they were first engaged, he seemed to love her very much; but that was before he saw me; then I came to visit her, and he loved me from the first moment he saw me, and, having struggled against his love for long enough, he had at last determined to make an effort to free himself and win me for his wife.

This is the substance of Charlie's communication—and I am bound to believe it is true, so earnestly and passionately does he speak; he declares that he will confess all to Lili, and trust to her pride and generosity to release him from his engagement to her.

"You are mad," I cry, at last, struggling to speak quietly and calmly—"simply mad! I do not love you, and wouldn't marry you were you free fifty thousand times! Is it to hear this stupid nonsense that you persuaded me to come hither with you to-day? I wish I had never seen you, nor Lili either!"—confusing my meaning in my distress. "How dare you talk so wickedly to me—Lili's friend—who has never done you any harm in her life? If it were not for Lili, I would never speak to you again."

I turn away from Charlie and beat my foot angrily upon the soft, spongy grass. The sunlight dances and shimmers through the leafy boughs under which we sit; a blackbird begins to utter one or two melodious notes from a small plantation just before us. Never, so far as I can trace back, have I given Charlie the slightest ground for belief that I would marry him if he were free. I would not marry him if he were the only man in the world. I should

always have thoroughly disliked him had he not been Lili's lover. Lili loves him—indeed trusts him, honors him; there must then be something good in him, or he could not have gained Lili's love so completely. This is simply a temporary fit of lunacy. He has taken my hand, and I feel that he has put something on one of the fingers. It is a diamond ring; I see the sudden wonderful flashing of the stone's rays; and then Charlie pleads again, pale and trembling with excess of emotion.

"May, darling, do not be angry with me for loving you better than life or honor. I cannot help it. It is my fate. Turn your face to me once more, and tell me that you love me a little. Ah, I know you would listen to me were it not for Lili! I know I could make you love me if you would but let me. My dearest, do not shake your head; I do not believe that you do not love me. And I will never give you up—never, never—I swear it, darling—while you remain free for me to love and win!"

I wrench my hand from Charlie, and the ring drops at his feet.

In my desperation a wild idea flashes into my mind and I avail myself of it unhesitatingly.

"But I am not free," I gasp, hardly knowing what I am saying; "and, if you were so this minute, it could make no difference to me, because I am already engaged."

Charlie steps back some paces, and looks at me critically.

"You are not speaking the truth, May. I don't believe a word of it."

I drop my head on the arm of the seat I am leaning over, and almost cry with anger and vexation. If I were sure Lili would not mourn too much for the loss of her lover, I would defy Charlie and rush home to her at once. But I know Lili could not love any one lightly; and, after all, I have a little faith in Charlie's goodness of heart; and, if I play my part well, he may in the future love Lili better than he has yet done.

"Who is the happy man who has gained your love?" says Charlie, after waiting for me to speak. "Tell me his name, or I will not believe you."

I shake my head, and mentally run over the list of my acquaintances who have at various times paid me some slight attention; but I do not succeed in fixing upon one in particular.

"It is not Leigh, surely?" asks Charlie, in a tone of amazement. "It cannot be Leigh—Leigh Morton; yet there is no one else. May, is it Leigh?"

I nod my head affirmatively, and breathe freely again. Leigh will do, I think to myself, better than any one I could have mentioned, for he is slightly related to me; but my face turns a brilliant crimson as I watch Charlie's chagrin.

"Leigh Morton, a penniless, sickly artist, who will never be able to marry you until you are an old woman—if he can then. O May, it is preposterous! What are your friends about that they do not interfere and prevent such an absurd engagement?"

"Don't abuse my property!" I answer, proudly. "And let us keep this morning's talk a secret from everybody. I shall not betray you; and Lili is still your betrothed, you know. I shall go away to-morrow, and you will soon forget me. Very likely we shall never meet again, especially"—with a great gulp, and feeling very guilty—"if Leigh should go to Italy, as he talks of doing; we might be middle-aged people before we returned to England."

"I don't know about Lili," says Charlie, sadly, "she ought not to marry me without knowing of my love for you."

"Rubbish!" I cry, in alarm. "You don't love me a bit like you do Lili. It is the merest fancy of the hour. Lili has been your sweetheart for years, and is one of the sweetest, truest girls in the world. When I am gone, you will wonder how for one moment you could have been false to her."

"You are very good, May; and I suppose you are right. Heaven knows I would atone to Lili if I could; and perhaps if I told her—"

"You would kill her, Charlie—indeed you would. Lili would never forget it. The whole thing is over and done with. Put it entirely out of your thoughts forever; promise me you will before I go. You must—you shall promise me."

"I will promise you, May," says Charlie, resolutely; "and, what is more, I will be worthy of Lili's love for your sake."

"No, no," I answer, laughingly, "not for my sake, but for her own."

Then, according to my wish, Charlie calls a hansom, and I am driven home alone in a state of mind better imagined than described; for in getting out of one difficulty I have but got into another.

I forgot to tell Charlie that my engagement is a profound secret, and he will, of course, ask Lili about it when he sees her to-night, and Lili will question me, and what shall I say? The more I think of my position the worse it appears; and, as the day wears on, my distress of mind becomes unendurable.

At six o'clock Aunt Mary arrives, and is soon dirobing in her own room; at a quarter-past I make the tea and set the tea-things ready on the table. The cutlets are simmering in the fender, and the tomatoes are boiling in the dish beside them. I have opened the tin of oysters, and lit the little spirit-lamp to warm them when wanted. Our meals are generally taken in a somewhat primitive manner; but they are none the less enjoyable on that account. I rush to the window every few moments, and look anxiously across the square. If Aunt Mary should come down before Leigh arrives, how am I to tell him of the liberty I have taken with his name?

Presently a knock comes at the door. It is Leigh with the bracelet.

My face reddens painfully as I meet him; and, taking the little case from him, in my confusion I lay it down on the top of the oysters, and rush madly into my subject.

"Leigh," I begin, gayly, as though I were repeat-

ing a joke, "what do you think I said for fun this morning, because Charlie Dane was teasing me? I said I was engaged to you, and he believes it's true; and I want you"—in my most coaxing manner—"to pretend that it is so this afternoon."

Leigh looks at me with an intense expression of amusement, and comes closer to me.

"May I, in that case, have the privileges of a lover?" he asks.

"I don't know what they are," I answer, laughing; "but don't do anything more absurd than you can help."

"You see I might have known what was expected of me," he replies, gayly; "for I purchased these for you on my way here. A true-lover's gift, are they not?"

He takes a little bunch of white violets from his pocket, and presents them to me.

"They are delicious, Leigh. I am so much obliged to you. Really, you are too kind."

"Not for our new relationship, darling," says Leigh, grandly.

"Don't call names, if you please," I reply, burning myself with the handle of the teapot; "and remember that we are only playing at being engaged. Here is Lili at last!"

Lili comes in very wearied with her day's work, and Aunt Mary joins us almost directly. We wait some time for Charlie, and then begin our tea. I am nearly wild, thinking Charlie will not come at all; but he arrives when we have half-finished our meal, and complains of having a violent headache. Lili gives him her easy-chair, Aunt Mary finds him her strongest salts and I pour him out my best, last cup of tea. But I hardly speak a word to him; I devote myself entirely to Leigh.

Leigh is not at all like himself to-day; he looks younger, and brighter, and handsomer than I have seen him; and I find myself positively blushing once under the spell of his dark, earnest eyes.

Lili and Charlie depart together for their party; and, having seen them safely driven away from the door, I return to Aunt Mary and Leigh. But the latter meets me in the passage, and suddenly, without a word, takes me in his arms and closes my lips with one long, passionate kiss. I break away from him, angry and indignant, and vanish for the remainder of the evening.

Lili comes back very late, or rather early in the morning, with a splendid ring shining on her hand. She is radiant with love and happiness. She throws herself in her soft, white loveliness by the side of the little bed on which I am lying in my dressing-gown, and wakens me from my first sleep to hear her happy news.

Charlie has made her promise to marry him in a month. They are to go to Rome and Paris. Charlie is so noble, so generous—in fact, Charlie is a hero, and her cup of happiness is filled to the brim, and running over. I sit up in bed and listen dreamily to her excited, eager talk, and then I fall asleep again, remembering only Leigh, his kind eyes, his tender

smile, and the one passionate kiss that had sealed my lips in the door-way.

Two months after this, Lili and Charlie are married, and I am at home again with my mother, and devoting myself to the manifold duties of village school-teaching. It is a very quiet life I lead, and it is rather dull after my exciting visit to town; but Leigh writes to me sometimes, and I rejoice to know of Lili's happiness.

One evening, when I return home after my day's work, I find a stranger in our little parlor, lazily lying at full length upon the old-fashioned sofa, and blowing clouds of tobacco-smoke through our rose-garlanded window. My mother is in the kitchen, with her best Sunday dress on, and the snowiest of tables holds a sumptuous repast ready to be consumed at a moment's notice. Flowers and fruits grace the more substantial dishes, and mother has positively got our occasional maid, Berry, to help her to do honor to our unexpected guest.

"Run, May, and get dressed," she says, tenderly, pushing me out of the kitchen—"never mind who is in the parlor—for you are not fit to be seen."

But the stranger in the parlor thinks otherwise; and at the sound of my voice he comes through the door into the kitchen, stooping to avoid knocking his head against the low rafters. It is Leigh Morton.

My dress is a flowered print of the commonest kind, and my straw hat, which has done duty for two summers, cost originally thirteenpence-half-penny. Picture this costume, embellished with fragments of hay and various bunches of poppies, which the children have adorned me with in our walk home through the hay-fields, and you have me exactly as I stand when Leigh comes in.

But, instead of shaking me quietly by the hand in his usual sober way, he looks at me with eyes overflowing with love and admiration, and puts his arm round me and kisses me.

"Don't be frightened, darling," he says, smiling at my astonishment. "It wouldn't do to keep our engagement a secret any longer, for I could not live without a sight of you again; so I have told the mother all about it; and she is quite willing you should wait for me and be properly engaged, although I expect you'll get a scolding for leaving me to enlighten her upon the subject. Is it not so, mother?"

For a moment only my astonishment keeps me passive and silent; then I turn away from the two smiling, loving faces that are so enjoying my mystification, and rush headlong from the house. "Angry" and "indignant" are mild words to express my state of mind in those first few moments.

Leigh hurries after me, and joins me at the orchard stile.

"It was cruel, ungenerous, unmanly of you," I cry, excitedly, keeping my face well away from him; "you knew from the first that it was only in fun!"

"You must speak for yourself, May," Leigh answers gravely, taking my reluctant hand and holding it fast in his own two large ones. "You were in fun



and I was in earnest; that is the only difference between us; but, before I can be quite sure that you were only in fun, and that you wish me still to think so, turn your face to me so. Was there not a little love left for me, darling, after the fun was a thing of the past?"

For reply I drop my head upon his arm, and his passionate words and tender kisses steal all my heart away.

Forgetful of the meal waiting for us, we remain in happy talk at the mossy foot of an ancient apple-tree; and it is not until my mother comes out into the garden, looking anxiously all around, that I remember exactly what drove me from the house before my toilet was made.

When the twilight falls, Leigh and I pass into the soft, still air of the garden, and live the happiest hours that have ever yet come to us in life. I learn how long he has loved me, how despairingly, how hopelessly, until that sweet spring evening when my playful declaration suddenly gave him the courage and determination to keep me his own forever. The stars come out, and the golden moon shines over the tall elms that whisper lovingly above our little red-roofed cottage. The garden paths are dim and gray, and the lupins stand up in the faint light like sentinels about the fragrant porch door. Beautiful as my home is, and sweet as is my life, they both seem hateful to me when Leigh tells me we must part. For poverty is hard to bear, and success has not yet crowned his efforts, and he is too proud to ask me to share his cares and loneliness.

"Leigh, why don't you let me go back with you now?" I say at last, after a severe struggle to keep my proposition to myself. "It is so wretched to part with you, to live so long, so very long, without you. Leigh, why do you not ask me to come? Why do you let me say all this?"

A sudden splendid light flashes into his dark face, and he holds me fast in his arms.

"May, my darling, would you really come?"

"Try me," I say, thankful that he cannot see my blushes in the moonlight.

"Dearest, the life is very hard, and full of troubles and crosses; but, with you, it would be a paradise to me. Do you really mean that you would come to my rooms—live the life I live? May, speak—my wife, will you come?"

I lift my face, and meet his earnest, thrilling eyes, and answer: "Yes."

I am only a little, simple country girl—poor, indeed, but with a name and reputation among my simple kinsfolk. No one will oppose my wish and determination to share my betrothed's life and labors—my mother, who adores him, least of all.

Before he leaves us this night, everything is settled. M. Rolfe will have to find another studio, and Leigh will save no end of money in models. I shall keep the rooms, cook the dinner, do all the marketing and sit to Leigh for all the pictures he paints.

Mother has proposed that we spend our honeymoon with her; for Leigh needs a long rest in the

fresh, fair country he has been absent from so long; and Leigh has assented joyfully.

And now he has gone back to town to make a few other arrangements, and to work and wait for a month until he returns to me to claim me for his wife.

The month is over at last. I have said farewell to all my school-children, and, upon this last evening, am putting the finishing touches to my sweet white bridal dress. I have made it myself, and have embroidered it with green leaves and snowy violets, in memory of the flowers Leigh first gave to me. And the little house, in its nest of greenery, is bright and beautiful as loving hands can make it. Not a cloud is in the sky. The air is heavy with the scent of flowers, for the full, rich summer is over all the land. And that is Leigh's voice in the hall, Leigh's step at the door. I turn with my precious robe in my hands, and am caught and clasped to his heart, half-smothered in the folds of my lovely work.

What memories this bridal-dress will have, for tomorrow is our wedding-day!

## MEDICINE IN THE DARK AGES.

JOHN GADDESSEN, a court physician to Edward I, and author of the "*Rosa Medica*," speaks pompously of his gains and presents. His work is full of medical "secrets," which he entreats his readers not to divulge! He speaks exultingly of his own adroitness in disposing of a worthless receipt to the barber-surgeons, toward whom he entertained a true professional contempt. He enjoyed a lucrative practice at court. He was a perfect courtier; and when a scrofulous complaint did not heal under his treatment, he recommended the patient to apply to the king, that by the touch of royalty he might be effectually cured. He united the practice of surgery with that of physic; and speaks so egotistically of his skill in bone-setting, that one is reminded of the fact that quackery and puffing tarnished the profession in those days as well as now. But with all his anxiety to impress his readers with his learning, he is grossly superstitious, and his treatment of court patients was absurd in the extreme. To cure the smallpox, he caused the whole body of the sufferer to be wrapped in red cloth; this he calls an excellent cure, and affirms that it was in this manner that he treated the son of the noble king of England when he had the smallpox; and "I cured him," he adds, "without leaving any marks."

MEN suffer as well as women from ill-sorted marriages. Many a towering ambition has been crushed, many a draught of happiness has been converted into the dregs of bitterness, from the neglect of a young man to be thoroughly acquainted with a girl before engaging himself to her. Then be not in too great haste to marry; reflect well and earnestly before taking this most important step in life.

## TENDER AND TRUE.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS DEAR LITTLE WIFE."

## CHAPTER XII.

I DID not see Mrs. Catherwood again for several weeks. Then it was at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Radcliff. The bridal party had returned, and there was a wedding reception to which I went with my sisters. There had been very little time during these few weeks in which Olive was absent from my thoughts; but a change in the state of my feelings, as well as in the character of my sentiments, had been steadily progressing. She was to me, now, as one removed to a distance, and out of the sphere of my immediate care and protection; and yet, as one in whose happiness I retained the deepest interest, and to secure which I was ready to do and to sacrifice everything in my power.

A feeling of tender regard and concern was coming in place of the old, eager passion, which had not burned itself out, consuming everything, and leaving only dead ashes. The flames had been stifled, while yet the best that was in me remained without the mark of fire upon it. Out of the heat and blinding smoke I was coming, and as my sight grew clearer, I saw everything in new relations. I had moved forward in life—had come into a different state; and all things, from my change of position, were taking on new aspects and new meanings, yet in no case were these so far removed from the old aspects and meanings as not to be influenced by them. My movement was in a gyre, which widened at each return; drawing itself a little away from the old state, yet never so far as to be wholly beyond its influence.

To Olive's wedding I had gone with a kind of desperate reluctance, as a condemned criminal might go for sentence. Had it not been for the appearance of things, I would have absented myself from the reception which was given at the close of the bridal tour; for I did not yet feel strong enough to meet Olive with that self-control which would enable me to hide every sign of the old feeling that was now held under strong repression.

A single glance at Olive, as she stood beside her husband in the midst of congratulating friends, and with light and smiles playing over her beautiful face, told me that she, also, had passed through changes of state, and that she was not now the same Olive I had known. What the new states were, I had not the skill to read from any signs that were visible; but one thing was plain—she had not risen into a happier consciousness of life. The old freedom and spontaneity were gone; and constraint was apparent—at least to me—in every movement of her body and play of her features. As I took her hand, she returned the pressure with a sudden, quick clasp that sent a strange feeling along my nerves, and from the effect of which I did not get wholly free during the entire evening; nor, indeed, in a long time afterward. Forever, as thought recurred to the incident, the

question would come, "What did it mean?" Was it the half-blind catching after a straw by one who felt herself borne helplessly away? Or only the unmeaning response of sensitive and over-strained nerves? I could not tell.

As I turned from Olive, I met the eyes of Mrs. Catherwood. She was standing beside her husband. The contrast between these two struck me with great force. Her face was refined and sensitive; his, hard and cold. In one you saw the confident, proud, strong-willed man of the world—built of tough but coarse material. In the other a woman of delicate physical and mental organization, though with a face usually so calm when at rest as to be almost impassive; but when excited with interest singularly expressive and alive with feeling. I had seen her in company with her husband only a few times, and I noticed now what I had observed before, that she stood a little turned away from him. His bearing was erect and his head thrown back with an air of personal consequence; hers was bent slightly forward, as one not free from an intrusive sense of humiliation.

As I turned and crossed the room, I met the eyes of Mrs. Catherwood, which, after an instant of close scrutiny, brightened. It was not long before she drifted from the side of her husband, and made her way to where I was standing a little out of the crowd, and near an oriel window. Taking my hand and holding it for several moments, she said, with a gentle familiarity that drew me even closer to her than before: "It is ever so long since we have seen each other, Davy. I've been away in B—, and am glad to get back again into quiet Oakland. How have you been?"

I made no reply beyond the steady look which I gave to the eyes that were reading my face all over. She was satisfied with what she saw.

"All will be well in the end, Davy, if we are true to the right," she said, a smile softly touching her lips. "We may have sadly tangled the skein of our lives, or others may have tangled it for us; but every knot may be untied, and every thread brought even and straight again through a wise patience that will not snap even the slenderest fibre. And then, Davy, we may begin anew the work so marred in the first trial, and weave the recovered threads into forms of harmony and beauty."

There was in her voice a something which seemed to my ear like a low, exultant cry of victory; but the sound came from very far off, and no ear, perhaps, would have perceived it but my own.

Her meaning did not come to me so much in thought as in perception. While understanding the true signification of what she had said, I could not have given that signification an intelligent form in language. But, for all this, its power over me was great; and the purpose to be loyal to my convictions of right took a deeper hold upon me than ever.

My mother, who had not seen Mrs. Catherwood since the night of the wedding, joined us before I could get my thoughts into shape for an answer, and

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I was not again alone with her, except for a few moments, during the evening. But not for an instant was the clear sense of her presence removed from me. I felt its power as of a strong, pure soul, drawing me upwards, and inspiring me with manly strength and courage.

I had good opportunity for closely observing Olive and her husband. The character of her bearing toward him first drew my attention; and it was not long before I noted the fact that she never lifted her eyes toward his face unless he addressed her, and never spoke to him except in response to some remark or question. If she were laughing and chatting in a merry way with some of her young friends, and Donald said anything to her that required an answer, I could see half the light go out of her face as she turned to reply. Over and over again this passed under my observation during the evening. Once when I was standing near them, Donald addressed a remark to her without being noticed. He repeated it, but still without gaining her attention. Feeling irritated at her apparent indifference, he lost temper, and spoke rather sharply and in a tone of command. What passed was in an instant of time; but I see it as distinctly now, after many years, as I saw it then. A quick movement of Olive's head and a flash of defiance out of her brilliant eyes—keen and sudden. That was all. When she turned to the friend with whom she was conversing at the moment of interruption, the flash had given place to a sunny smile. After that I saw a hard and cruel expression settle around the mouth of Donald; and though I watched him closely, I did not see him speak to Olive again. Nor did she once address any remark to him, though, in courtesy of the occasion, they were side by side for nearly the whole evening.

And here, for Olive, life had made its true beginning; and what a beginning! Instead of the sweet and loving intercourse which her bright young fancy had pictured, she found herself standing face to face with a foe rather than a friend, and with the gage of battle lifted from the ground! My heart grew faint as thought ran forward into the future; and my soul cried out in pity: "O Olive! Olive! And you must fight it out alone!"

Yes, fight it out alone; for there was no mortal arm that could stretch itself forth to help or defend!

"I never liked Donald; and after what I have seen this evening, I like him less than ever," said my sister Fanny, as we walked home from the party. We were alone.

"What did you see?" I asked.

"Nothing that gave any promise of a happy life for Olive," she replied.

"Nor for Donald either, if you and I saw the same things," I returned. "It is as I supposed it would be. Olive is not going to be his slave. If she is not to come under the rule of love, she will not come under the rule of fear. He may command; but she will not obey."

"Then I pity her," said Fanny, "for Donald has a cruel and overbearing disposition, and will not

hesitate about inflicting any kind of torture that he dare use in his efforts to bend her to his will, should she set herself against him."

"As she cannot help doing, if he tries the role of lord and master. Her womanly self-respect and feeling of equality will make resistance a necessity. I saw how it was with them to-night. The struggle has already begun."

"And she will have the worst of it. Poor Olive!" There was a throb of pity in my sister's voice.

"I trust not," said I.

"How can it be otherwise?" she asked. "He is as hard as iron; and she only a weak and sensitive girl."

"She may be sensitive; but she is not weak," I returned. "And this Donald is already beginning to discover. More than once have I seen her turn a warning, if not a defiant, look upon him."

"Poor Olive, still!" said Fanny. "Come what may of passive submission to the will of a coarse and tyrannical nature, or if active and undying resistance, her life must be either humiliating servitude, or perpetual conflict."

"Better the conflict than the servitude. As her day is so may her strength be." I spoke with feeling.

"No, no, Davy!" replied my sister. "That cannot be well for any woman."

"Is humiliating servitude well?" I demanded. "Is Olive, now that she has become the wife of Donald Payne, any the less a woman than she was before? Has marriage set her beside him as an equal; or under him as a slave? Is she his to love, and cherish; or his for service and to command? Is his will to be her law; or is the law of mutual love and service to bind them together as one? Are not their obligations equal?"

"In the marriage relation," said my sister, "peace is better than war."

"In all relations," I replied, "the right is better than the wrong; and if the right cannot be maintained without conflict, then let there be war instead of a weak submission which hurts both oppressor and oppressed. If wrong is not opposed it gains strength through victory for new aggressions. A tyrannical husband, who has a weak, submissive wife, must grow more and more a tyrant, while she grows more and more a slave."

"Fighting through all the years! O Davy, is it not dreadful?"

"People don't fight for the sake of fighting," I returned. "A man who tries to tyrannize over a woman is usually a mean coward at heart—as I know Donald Payne to be. If he meets with unexpected resistance, or gets a few keen thrusts from finer weapons than he possesses, and against which the coarse scales of his armor give no protection, he will, in most cases, deem it best to retire from the field. For Olive to be happy with Donald is simply impossible; but her state will be more endurable as his equal, though she have to maintain it by a steady assertion of her womanly independence, than it could possibly be as his slave, trampled upon and humiliated."

During the next three or four weeks a number of parties were given to the bride. I was present with my sisters at most of them, and had many opportunities for observing Donald and Olive. The result was far from being satisfactory. I saw in Donald's face, when at rest, a look of moody dissatisfaction; and I noticed, at times, a close, hard shutting of the lips, which gave his mouth a brutal and half-vindictive expression. As for Olive, her spirits were variable; and you had the impression of one who was trying to hide her real self from observation. Not once did I see the old happy light in her eyes. They were flashing and brilliant at times, but I saw in them new and strange things—mysteries which I could not read, and hints at pain and disappointment, and the dread of things to come, which left their shadows with me, cold and vague. By a kind of mutual repulsion, the young husband and wife seemed to stand apart from each other; and when they happened to be together, there was an apparent constraint with both. At the last of the parties which I attended, I did not see a word pass between them during the whole evening.

After this, I did not meet Olive again for two or three months. Donald, who was in business with his father, had furnished a house, and the young couple had gone to live in their own home, at which I did not care to visit. Mrs. Catherwood spent the larger part of her time in Oakland, and often came to see us, passing an entire day sometimes. The oftener my mother and sisters met her the more strongly did she attract them, and the higher grew their admiration of her character.

"I never pass an hour with her," remarked my mother one day, when we were speaking of Mrs. Catherwood, "without thinking of Mr. Fordyce. She has many of his high ideals of life, and often expresses herself in the very language I have heard him use."

"I have observed the same thing," answered my father; "and it has more than once occurred to me that they must have known each other; and, it may be, quite intimately."

I saw my mother turn with a quick movement, and glance at my father. There was a questioning light in her face, as if some new thought had been thrown into her mind.

"We know," added my father, "that, from some cause, Mr. Fordyce has fallen under the displeasure of Mr. Catherwood—a displeasure too intense to have its origin in any mere personal or business relation which may have existed between the two men. And we know, too, that Mr. Fordyce holds Mr. Catherwood in low esteem. One thing is plain, the two men must have been well acquainted with each other."

"It is all coming to me," said my mother. "On no other theory can I harmonize the character and conduct of Mr. Fordyce."

"What is your theory?" asked my father.

"That of an old love affair between the schoolmaster and Mrs. Catherwood, the fire of which is not dead in the heart of either."

My father bent his head, and sat thinking for some time.

"On that theory," he said at length, "I can see light. It is not from the presence of Mr. Catherwood that he has retired. He has nothing to fear from him."

"Nothing; and I have never believed that he had. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend. If there is a man living who, out of love, would lay down his very life for another, that man is, I am persuaded, Allan Fordyce. And I have never believed for an instant that, in his strange disappearance, he is seeking to escape from any evil to himself; but, rather, sacrificing himself—laying down, in some way that we do not comprehend, his life for another."

No one answered for a considerable space of time. Had I been free to speak of what I had seen and heard, I could have said much to strengthen my mother's theory of the schoolmaster's disappearance. But the duty of silence, expressed or implied, was resting upon me.

"If it be as you suggest," said my father, breaking the long pause, "what a strange and sorrowful history has been written out and sealed up in these two lives."

"So sorrowful, that one turns away from the thought of it as from a painful tragedy," was replied.

"Two lives wrecked through some fatal error," said my father.

"Storm-beaten and in imminent peril, but not wrecked," answered my mother. "A wrecked life is a soul lost. And this cannot be said of either Mr. Fordyce or Mrs. Catherwood. Whatever may lie far back in their past, whatever of wrong, or mistake, or sin, even—however far the adverse winds of passion may have driven them out of their course, one thing is sure, I think, they are heading for the shore now, and though it may yet be afar off, and night and tempest may still lie between them and the pleasant land for which they are steering, it will be gained at last."

### CHAPTER XIII.

GREAT changes were wrought out in the next two years. Our quiet little town had entered the race for wealth, and was beginning to take on airs of importance. With the men, you saw an erecter bearing, and prompter speech and movement; and with the women, more of social emulation, making itself apparent in a larger devotion to dress and household garniture. The Oakland Mills had been completed and furnished with machinery, and amid the whirr of spindles and the click-clack of looms, over three hundred operatives were at work. The line of the railroad had been changed, and ran down the Oakland side of the river and directly along the edge of our farm.

Andrew Payne was now the great man of the town. Mr. Catherwood having declined a re-election to the presidency of the Oakland Mills Company, Mr.



Payne was chosen in his place. A new bank had been created, of which Payne was the president. He had enlarged his mill property, and placed the management of this valuable interest almost entirely in the hands of his son Donald, who was growing even more rapidly than his father in self-importance. A little back of the town, on a bit of rising land that overlooked a wide reach of country, a large stone mansion could be seen in the course of erection, with the walls up and the roof laid, and workmen pressing it forward to completion. This, when finished, was to be the new palatial residence of Andrew Payne. Its cost was variously estimated, no one putting it down at less than forty thousand dollars. But then the owner had been very fortunate in his investments, some of his purchases of property in Oakland having more than quadrupled in value since the line of the railroad had been changed and the mills set in operation. He had also made investments, it was said, outside of Oakland, under the lead of Mr. Catherwood, which were returning him almost fabulous dividends.

For our family to keep on in the even tenor of its way, amid all this rapid change and growth of new interests, was not an easy thing. There were many temptations to reach after larger returns than came from the dairy-farm and quarry. Now it was this investment, and now that, which came up for consideration, and invited with dazzling promise. But there was always one—our mother—who drew us back from these enticing schemes, and so set before us the value and surety of the good we possessed, and the uncertainty of that upon which we were setting our thoughts and building our castles, that we were content to let well enough alone.

Our income from the quarries was large, at least to us, reaching, by the time the mills were completed, the sum of nearly fifteen thousand dollars. They were still worked, the demand for building-stone being considerable in the town, and at various points along the railroad; and we had the prospect of a good return from this source for, it might be, many years to come. At one time, and soon after our stone-quarries began to give us liberal supplies of money, our dairy-farm was in some danger. Only the necessity that was upon us had reconciled my father to the "milk business," as he called it, and the new and larger source of income upon which we had fallen was made the occasion for opening the dairy-farm question, and considering the propriety of abandoning a pursuit which, in spite of his good sense, he could not help feeling lacked dignity if not respectability. But our wise and prudent mother was equal to the occasion; and, while seeming to yield and concede many things, so directed and determined the concessions that, in the end, instead of abandoning the enterprise by which we had risen from debt and embarrassment into complete independence, we only gave it a new and higher development. Instead of being simply milk-producers, we were now managing and developing a model dairy-farm, and the fame of "Olney," with its choice breed

of cattle and rare products, had become widely known. My father had become interested in the various discussions and reports on dairy-farming which appeared in the agricultural journals, and occasionally contributed, from his own experience and observation, articles which attracted much attention.

We were not, at this time, deriving any income from our model farm; or, it would be correct to say, were spending all, and more than all of our income from this source, on new improvements and appliances by which the products would be increased and the quality made higher. We were grading everything up, and the consequence was that we were getting the very highest prices in the large city markets for all the butter, milk and cream that we could supply. My sisters had ceased to be dairymaids—or at least so in the sense which had hurt my father's loving pride. But they had each a department for supervision, under our mother's general management, which involved estimates of costs, values of products, returns of sales and final results; the whole involving as complete a system of accounting and checks and balances as the business of a well-organized mercantile firm. We knew the exact cost of every pound of butter or gallon of milk that was sent to market, and could tell, at the end of every three months, whether there had been a loss or gain. No guess work, no letting things go at "loose ends," and no toleration of waste or slovenliness were permitted. It kept us all busy, and all on the alert; and, what was more and better, our minds bright, our spirits free and buoyant, and our bodies in good health. We were happy among ourselves, and free from all anxieties about worldly matters.

But there is no life into which some rain does not fall, and no family circle, however closely bound, which is not stricken, or shadowed, or broken. I have referred to the engagement of my youngest sister to Herbert Radcliff. This engagement, in the beginning, met the approval of both families. We all liked Herbert, and while he had some traits of character which we might have wished different, we saw no reason why he would not make a good husband for Rachel. Soon after he became a law student, a certain change, scarcely perceptible in the beginning, began to show itself, but not of a character sufficiently marked to reveal its true quality. He was more mannish in his ways, and more inclined to assert himself. But this was only the natural outgrowth of his new relation to thought and knowledge, and his new contact with men. After awhile, however, something in his personal presence, more than in anything that he did or said, began to affect me unpleasantly. I did not feel the old freedom in his company, nor the old sense of pleasure. Something seemed to draw me back, or to push me away from him. As time went on, this impression grew, until it began to rest on fact and observation. Coarseness of speech, verging sometimes on to indelicacy, and the slang of fast young men, often gave me a shock when we were alone. I was troubled at this.

In just so far, I regarded him as having become unworthy of our pure-minded Rachel.

From this time I observed him even more carefully, and was grieved to note a gradual deterioration. He was beginning to make character rapidly, and to build into it many base elements. Instead of discrimination, according to high standards of right and wrong, and rejecting the false in morals, I saw too plainly, that he was falling in with the common sentiments and feelings of the young men into whose society his student-life had thrown him. And now I began to watch my sister, whenever I saw them together, and with the deepest solicitude, to see if her fine instincts would detect the moral deterioration which I knew to be in progress. That she felt something to be wrong I soon discovered. There was a time when, from their evening partings at the gate, she came tripping lightly back to the house, with a song upon her lips—the sweet echo of a song that was singing in her heart. But the slow step, and silent lips, and half-serious face had come in place of these happy little episodes, and I knew that the shadow of something which her soul felt to be an evil portent had fallen upon her.

Herbert had completed his term of legal preparation and been admitted to the bar; but, thus far, no business of importance had come into his hands. The incidents attendant on the inauguration of his professional life were not auspicious. A supper at the Oakland House, given to his young male companions, at which the wine excesses were disgraceful, did not serve to establish in the view of men who had interests at stake any high degree of confidence in the newly-fledged lawyer—nor, did his subsequent intimacy with these same young men, who made his office a sort of daily exchange, serve to establish any better feeling. With many of the weaknesses of his father, and the same inclination to let himself drift with any current in which he might happen to be thrown, the promise of a successful career was a very doubtful one.

The marriage of his sister to Donald Payne had brought him into near associations with this young man, who was gaining considerable influence over him. Donald's strength of will, prompt action in business matters, and resolute purpose to achieve success without scruple as to the means, were in decided contrast with the leading elements of Herbert's character. But, the foundations of moral integrity were not securely laid, and might be undermined, or swept away.

No time had been fixed for my sister's marriage; and it was a thing regarded as settled, that until her lover was in a condition to support a wife, it could not take place.

One evening, a few months after Herbert had been admitted to the bar, he announced to us a turn in his fortunes. He had been made cashier of the new Oakland Valley Bank, of which Andrew Payne was the president; the first appointed cashier having been removed for alleged incompetency. The salary was two thousand dollars. The news was variously

received. My father congratulated him with some warmth of manner; and then said, gravely: "But I don't see, Herbert, that you are any better qualified for the position of cashier than the gentleman who has been removed; nor, indeed, if the truth must be spoken, as well qualified. How was this thing brought about?"

"Kissing goes by favor, you know," was answered, lightly, and in a tone that fell unpleasantly on my ears. "I had a friend at court. Donald suggested the matter at first, and we talked it all over. Then he sounded his father, who wasn't at all favorable when the thing was broached. But Donald kept the matter alive, and when, about a month ago, Mr. Payne and the cashier had a slight misunderstanding about something, the question of his removal and my selection for the place received a more favorable consideration. Mr. Payne sent for me, and after a long interview, said that he was satisfied as to my ability to fill the place; but that I was young and inexperienced in business and in the ways of the world, and for that reason was not, he feared, as well fitted as he could wish for so high and confidential a position as the one to which I aspired. When the matter was brought before the Board of Directors, to-day, there was little or no opposition to the removal of Mr. Gardiner and my appointment in his place. Father is a director, you know; and he and Mr. Payne had private interviews with the other directors before the matter came up for consideration in the board, and so it went through without a hitch. Next week I shall be cashier of the Oakland Valley Bank!"

The last sentence was given in a tone of exultation. "But," he added, speaking more soberly, "this is in confidence. We are all friends here."

The grave silence that followed this communication, was something unexpected to Herbert. He looked from one to another, in a half-uncertain way, and then said, with a shade of disappointment in his voice: "What's the matter? Why don't you congratulate me?"

"I am not sure," answered my father, who was first to reply, "whether your appointment to this responsible office, under the circumstances you have related, is to be regarded as a cause for congratulation or not. If you hold the position under favor of Mr. Payne, you must do his will in everything, or be removed as Mr. Gardiner has been removed. And"—my father paused for reflection, before saying what was in his thoughts. No one spoke. "And," he went one after some moments had passed, speaking slowly and as one who was weighing his words, "to do the will of Andrew Payne may not always be the best and safest thing. Frankly, Herbert, I do not like this appointment. You are very young for so responsible a place. You know little if anything about financial affairs; and can be nothing and do nothing in your office of cashier, except what the will of Andrew Payne may determine. If you do what he tells you to do, you will keep in his favor; and if not, he will push you aside."

"I'll take all that risk," was answered. "Mr. Payne is hardly fool enough to ask me to do anything that is dishonest or dishonorable, for that would be to put himself in my power, instead of getting power over me."

He was much elated, and said many weak and foolish things during the evening. I had watched Rachel to see how all this affected her. When the first announcement by Herbert of his appointment to the office of cashier was made, she exhibited considerable excitement, and listened eagerly to all that he said. When my father responded, she fixed her eyes upon him with an intent, almost anxious look. Slowly the warm color began dying out of her face, on which I could see questioning doubts and gathering shadows; and before the evening closed, she became absorbed and silent. When Herbert went away, she did not follow him beyond the family circle, as had been her usual custom, but parted from him at the door, and then instead of coming back into the library where we had been sitting, bade us good-night and went to her own room.

(To be continued.)

#### KATHERINE DOUGLASS.

OUR opening illustration is commemorative of a heroic deed, which history has not suffered to die, and throws a faint gleam into an almost forgotten time. It is the futile, though devoted attempt of a young and beautiful girl to prevent the assassination of her king.

Few princes have been more amiable and unfortunate than James I., of Scotland. Reared in a boundless scene of violence and confusion, he witnessed his elder brother David perish of starvation, through the devices of his uncle, and his father die of a broken heart. Those who have read the "Fair Maid of Perth" will recall the incidents of that sad story. For nearly nineteen years, he was himself held prisoner in a foreign land, the victim of a heartless violation of international faith. It was here, however, that he received the education in letters and in knightly accomplishments, which certainly elevate him above any of his royal contemporaries, and in this lenient bondage he formed the romantic attachment which secured him a beautiful and devoted wife, and developed the poetic genius which has preserved his memory to our own era. Those who would know this tender love story may find it most delicately told in the essay on a "Royal Poet" in the "Sketch Book" of Washington Irving.

His restoration to the throne of Scotland was the beginning of thirteen years of continual strife against internal dissension and outward hostility. His efforts to repress the turbulence and ferocity of his nobles were untiring, and, for the greater part of his reign, successful. To compare him with a character still more brilliant and enduring, he may be called the Alfred of Scotland.

With such a man on such a throne, it is needless to seek for hidden or private reasons for the con-

spiracy that destroyed him. Rapacious kinsmen, daring outlaws, unsparing personal enemies were joined in that final effort against his power and his life. Tradition, which loves to throw the glamour of prophecy around the "sad story of the death of kings," tells us that he was warned by a "weird woman" against taking up his residence at the monastery of the Blackfriars near Perth where he spent his last Christmas in 1436. On the night of his death, they say, the same woman came again and besought admission to his presence, but the king was "busied at chess" and directed return upon the morrow. In the frosty midnight, for it was in February, James was in his queen's apartments preparing for bed. Her ladies were attending, but, besides her own, the names of only two have escaped oblivion; Katherine and Elizabeth Douglass. Of a sudden the clash of arms was heard and the glare of many torches flashed in the court-yard. Treason from within aided violence without. The assassins found easy admission to the monastery, and, even in the queen's chamber, Robert Stewart, a servant and distant kinsman of the king, had so "bursten and bruised the locks that they were of none use." The bar that usually held the door was removed, and when the queen and her ladies gathered about it, to protract the defense, if but for a moment, that the king might possibly find some avenue of escape, Katherine thrust her arm through the wooden staples and steadfastly held her post. A frail hindrance against three hundred infuriate and bloodthirsty men! The sacrifice was in vain. There was no exit from the chamber save the portal that was beset, and the slender limb that secured it was almost instantly shattered. The queen interposing was twice wounded and thrust aside, and her unfortunate lord expired beneath eight and twenty wounds.

Fancy would delight to picture the subsequent career of this brave woman as rich in domestic blessings and graced with royal favor and popular esteem, but the clouds of obscurity have gathered round her fate, and history, consecrating this act of generous daring, never breathes her name again.

#### A LOST PEARL.

I DO not know *where* I lost it,  
For it slipped from a broken string,  
And far and away from my sight to-day  
It lies, a neglected thing.

I never dreamed half how precious  
Was my beautiful pearl to me  
Till the grief of its loss, like an aching cross,  
I bore over land and sea.

You marvel! You do not divine it?  
I have lost what I could not lend;  
What I'll mourn while I live, for no art can give  
To my heart the lost heart of my friend.

Sunday Magazine.

## MAKE HOME PLEASANT.

"O MA'AM! won't you come round to our house quick?" said a dirty-faced child about ten years old. Her head was frowzy, looking as if it had not seen a comb for weeks; and her soiled clothes were tattered and unsightly.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"The baby's got a fit, and mother says, please won't you come round. She don't know what to do."

I knew the child and her mother. They lived in a court not far off. So I drew on a shawl and hood, and ran around to see what could be done for the sick baby. The poor little thing lay in its frightened mother's arms, struggling with spasms.

"O ma'am!" cried the woman, "he'll die! he'll die!"

"Of course he will," said I, a little impatiently, "if you sit there doing nothing."

"But, O ma'am! what can I do?" she asked, helplessly.

"Why, get him into a warm bath as quickly as possible," said I. "Every woman who has a baby ought to know enough to do that. Have you any hot water?"

"O dear! no. The fire's all gone out," she answered, beginning to wring her hands in the way peculiar to some people when any sudden trouble comes upon them.

I went hastily into a neighbor's, and found a kettle of water on the fire. It was given cheerfully, and the neighbor went back with me, and assisted to get the poor baby into a hot bath, which soon relaxed and soothed its convulsed frame.

Such a room as that in which I found this woman and her children!—the latter three in number. Dirt and disorder were everywhere. The supper-table was in the middle of the floor, filled with unwashed dishes, and what remained of the evening meal. The floor was partly covered by a filthy rag-carpet, with rents here and there, and ragged fringes at the unbound ends. A woman's soiled dress hung over one of the chairs, the sleeves resting on the floor. A dishcloth, a pair of dirt-colored baby's socks, a comfortable for the neck that looked as if it had been dragged in the gutter, two old hats and a hood, ornamented the wall on one side, while strewn about on the floor and on the shelves were a motley collection of the most incongruous and unsightly things. A more disorderly, filthy and unsightly room for a human habitation can hardly be imagined.

"Where is your husband?" I asked, after the baby's spasms were over.

"He never stays in o' nights," she answered, in a whimpering tone, and with an injured look.

"Where does he go?" I asked.

"To the tavern," she said, with a pulse of anger in her voice.

"Where he finds things clean, orderly and comfortable," I replied, glancing around the room, and then looking steadily at the woman. "I'm not much surprised; indeed, I would be more surprised

to hear that he spent his evenings in a place like this."

"It's good enough for his wife and children," she said, rather spitefully, "and it ought to be good enough for him. Why don't he save his money and get us a better home?"

"Rather poor encouragement," I answered, again glancing around the room.

The woman's eyes followed mine, and, beginning to comprehend my meaning, she reddened and seemed disconcerted.

"Not much chance, with a sick baby and all the work to do, to keep things right." She spoke in a half-apologetic, half-injured tone of voice.

"There's no excuse for dirt and disorder, Mrs. Reap," said I. "If you gave only ten minutes a day to putting things right, and a little care to keeping them right, there'd be some hope of your husband's staying away from taverns and bad company. As it is, there is none whatever. No man could spend his evenings in a hole like this."

My disgust was strong, and I was in no mood to conceal it, being out of all patience with the woman, who was strong and hearty. I had seen her husband a few times, and rather liked his looks, and was satisfied that his wife was more than half to blame for his visits to the tavern.

Mrs. Reap took the sick baby, now sleeping softly, and laid it on a bed in the next room. Then she went bustling about in a half-angry way, first pushing back the supper-table, and carrying the dishes off into a little outer kitchen; then clearing the chairs and walls from dirty garments and odds and ends of unsightly things, putting the scant furniture and other articles, on floor and shelves, into some kind of order.

"Very much better," said I, approvingly, and in a gentler tone of voice; "and it hasn't cost you ten minutes' work. A good half-hour to-morrow morning, with elbow-grease and soap and water, would make such a change in this room that one would hardly know it; and what is more and better, put heart into your husband, and, maybe, if everything was made tidy and comfortable, keep him home from the tavern to-morrow evening."

A light flashed into the woman's face. This was a new thought to her.

"Maybe you're right, ma'am," she answered. "I never looked at it so before. Dick does scold about things badly; and swears awfully sometimes—particularly when he's taken a glass or two. But I've so little heart, you see."

"If a wife don't do her best to make home pleasant, Mrs. Reap," I said, "she can't expect her husband to stay in it any longer than he can help. She should remember that there are saloons at almost every corner and in every block, nicely fitted up, cool and inviting, where he can go and find the comfort she has failed to provide for him at home, and where he meets temptation in its most alluring guise. It's my opinion that one-half the married men who spend their evenings in drinking-houses, would never have



fallen into the habit of going there if their homes had been made as inviting as was in the power of their wives."

"Maybe you're right, ma'am," Mrs. Reap answered, almost humbly, and with self-conviction in her tones; "I never thought of it before. Dick used to stay at home always when we were first married, and things about us looked new and nice; and now I think of it, he first began to go out of evenings after Katy was born, and I began to let things drag and get out o' sorts. Since then, we kind of run down all the while, and he spent more and more of his time and wages at the drinking-houses, until I got so out of heart that I didn't care much how we lived. But, please God, I'll try and do better from this night."

"Stick to that, Mrs. Reap, and only good can come of it," I replied. "Your husband has not gone far astray, I hope. Seeing a change for the better at home, he may take heart again."

On the next evening I went round, under pretence of asking about the sick baby, but really to see if Mrs. Reap had made an effort to carry out her good resolution. The door was opened, in answer to my knock, by Mr. Reap himself. I scarcely knew the room I entered as the one visited on the night before. It had been thoroughly cleaned—even the rag-carpet had been taken up and beaten, and the frayed ends trimmed and bound. All rubbish and unsightly things had been removed, and, to my surprise, I noticed a half-muslin curtain, clean and white, stretched across the window. The supper-table had been cleared off, and there stood on it a nice glass lamp, beside which lay a newspaper that Mr. Reap had been reading when I knocked.

"How is the little one to-night?" I asked.

Mrs. Reap was sitting with her baby on her lap, dressed in a clean, though faded calico wrapper, and with her hair smoothly brushed. I would hardly have known her for the repulsive-looking woman I had visited on the evening before.

"Better, ma'am," she answered. "Indeed, he's most as well as ever. "My husband, ma'am"—introducing Mr. Reap, who bowed with an ease of manner that marked him as one possessing a native refinement.

"You're quite comfortable here," I said, glancing about the room with a pleased air that was no counterfeit.

"Yes, it is cozy and comfortable for a poor man," Reap answered, with genuine satisfaction in his voice.

I threw a look at his wife, who returned it with one of pleased intelligence.

"Will it last?" that was my concerned question on going home. "It shall last!" was my emphatic answer, "if help from me will do anything."

And so I made it a duty to drop in upon Mrs. Reap every day or so. I soon saw that she needed just this. The fact that my eyes were upon her, gave the outside pressure that kept her to her good resolution when the tired limbs failed, or her weary mind drooped for lack of energy. Habit is always hard to overcome; and her long negligent habits

made the new, orderly life she was in the effort to live seem very wearisome at times. But I kept to my work, and with the happiest results.

It is not much over a year now, and Mr. Reap and his wife are living in a snug little cottage just out of the city, with everything neat and wholesome around them. Their children go cleanly-dressed to school, and the husband and father finds home so pleasant that he has turned his back entirely on the saloons.

## FRAMED.

I HOLD a frame, and in its magic ring

The shifting pictures come—

This of a girl who never yet hath left

The shelter of her home;

Half-child, half-woman, she is playful, yet

Under a self-protest;

It seems a child's soft hand that puts the dove

Down from the shoulder's rest.

I hold a frame, and in its magic ring

Another porch and door—

How like our old home's—and the roses seem

The ones that bloomed before

That entrance. See, the roses mock child-hands!

A mother's sweet content,

And tenderness, and hope are in the eyes

That toward the child are bent.

I hold a frame, and in its magic ring

A little company

That throng the porch—its roses are all picked;

The women, tenderly,

Had cut them for the patient mother-hands

They crossed in their last rest;

They hid the scars of all her days of toil

With roses she loved best.

I did not lift the golden frame at all,

But saw its golden rim,

And all these pictures came and died away.

Not outwardly and dim

I saw these pictures, but most clear and bright.

O hands with seam and scar,

Mistaken love hath veiled them with soft blooms;

How beautiful they are!

With just the thin thread of worn gold upon

One finger; for the ring—

The wedding-ring upon the restful hands—

To memory doth bring

These simple pictures; but my heart cleaves to

The last, it is most sweet,

A light, born from beyond the light of stars,

Hath made it so complete;

A look whose prophecy we sometimes caught,

As through cloud-rifts a star;

We watched that look of peace gleam in the face,

But cares forecast would mar

It in a moment. Life is constant change,

But the death-angel's kiss

Brought out the soul's sweet peace and Heaven's seal,

It resteth there I wis. ADELAIDE STOUT.

## GRANDMOTHER BROWN.

I KNEW her right well: she had beautiful eyes,  
 As mild as the starlight and blue as the skies;  
 Her face was with wrinkles and dimples o'er-  
 spread,  
 And bright shining locks silver'd over her head;  
 She shone not in diamonds or costly array,  
 But dressed in the plain, tidy, old-fashion'd way:  
 Ador'd by the children, belov'd by the town  
 Was this charming old lady, good Grandmother  
 Brown!

Oh, how the world brighten'd wherever she went—  
 An angel of mercy to earth was she sent!  
 She could plead with the wayward, encourage the weak,  
 And dry the hot tear on adversity's cheek;  
 Where sickness was raging, in palace or cot,  
 Her presence was healing, and sorrow forgot;  
 She gave not her blessings for pelf or renown,  
 But her sympathy prompted good Grandmother Brown.

How welcome her coming, to girls and to boys;  
 She shared in our troubles, our pastimes and joys:  
 As we gather'd around her to stray o'er the lawn,  
 She fired our fond hearts like the glow of the dawn;  
 She had ever some marvel, in prose or in verse,  
 With her magical pathos and power to rehearse;  
 Or she sang, with a sweetness and art all her own!—  
 Oh, a wonderful woman was Grandmother Brown!

It seem'd all the flowers grew more bright where she  
 trod,  
 More lovely the landscape and greener the sod;  
 The birds when they saw her around her would  
 throng,  
 And in their new joy their wild warblings prolong.  
 So gracious her accents they cannot be told—  
 In the pictures of silver the apples of gold!  
 But alas, for things earthly!—her form was struck  
 down!  
 Death spared not e'en precious old Grandmother  
 Brown!

Ah, how bitter our grief, as the messenger bore  
 To our ears the sad tidings that she was no more!  
 The day of her burial we ne'er shall forget;  
 In the shade of the maples her coffin was set—  
 A plain cherry casket, not made in the mart—  
 That bore no inscription, no gilder's nice art;  
 But how fast fell the tears as we came to look down  
 On the dear, saintly face of good Grandmother  
 Brown!

So placid and lovely she lay there at rest,  
 Her hands gently folded across her meek breast!  
 She seem'd but to sleep; and oh, would she not wake  
 For the stricken young hearts that were ready to  
 break?

Should we never again hear the sound of her voice?  
 No more in the light of her welcome rejoice?  
 Ah, no!—for the lid was soon softly shut down,  
 And they bore to her grave poor old Grandmother  
 Brown!

Long years have sped on, since we look'd our adieu  
 To the noble old lady so loving and true;  
 But how oft it has seem'd she in spirit was nigh,  
 To lighten a burden or lessen a sigh:  
 And if beyond earth there are mansions of rest,  
 Where one so unworthy may walk with the blest,  
 It will be to the singer a joy and a crown  
 To greet his lost friend, good old Grandmother Brown!

A. HOMER BENEDICT.

## HINTS FOR HOUSE DECORATION.

HARMONY of color and style are the objects to  
 attain in all house decoration, whether costly or  
 simple, and it is of course necessary that the  
 rooms and furniture should look suitable to their pur-  
 pose.

In endeavoring to make a drawing-room bright we  
 should avoid garishness and glitter as carefully as  
 dinginess and gloom. Perhaps the best treatment of  
 walls is that of arranging a dado upon them. Make  
 the wall cream color, for example, but the dado, a  
 portion below the line, we paint maroon or chocolate;  
 on this lower portion a pattern called a dado rail is  
 placed. A cream colored wall contrasts well with a dark  
 blue dado. As the wall should look somewhat neu-  
 tral, the blue should consist of ultramarine, with a  
 little black and a little white added to give a certain  
 amount of neutrality. With a rich and slightly  
 orange-maroon dado a gray-blue wall of middle tint  
 would accord well. Quaintness of effect is given by  
 dados varying in height, in some cases they may be  
 two-thirds the height of the room, and according to  
 circumstances will ordinarily be from eighteen inches  
 to seven feet in height. The more difficult it is to  
 detect proportions in a wall the better, and it should  
 never be divided into equal parts.

The carpet should be dark, but not dull, one of  
 Persian pattern with a border all around looks well.  
 A space should be left between the carpet and the  
 skirting-board, and all the floor uncovered may be  
 stained and polished in the ordinary way.

The best materials for curtains are woolen serge  
 and Bolton sheeting of Pompeian red or bluish gray  
 shades, and with or without patterns on them.  
 Woolen serge is soft looking, inexpensive, and hangs  
 well, but Bolton sheeting is still cheaper, and a good  
 effect at a small cost can be produced by working on  
 curtains made of this material a border in colored  
 crewels. The wood-work of a room should generally  
 be of darker tints than the walls. It is of para-  
 mount importance that the doors should be conspic-  
 uous. The articles of furniture may be in ebony or  
 walnut, some of each if desired. The tables of dif-  
 ferent sizes and shapes, if possible; none large, but  
 very firm on their legs. Any protruding articles of  
 furniture, such as cabinets, etc., should be arranged  
 at the top and bottom of the room, smaller things at  
 the sides, and the same with the wall decorations, flat  
 ones, such as pictures on the sides, and hanging  
 shelves and brackets top and bottom. To lessen

the appearance of length, small corner cupboards may be introduced.

The pictures desired should be hung in narrow gilt frames with small flat margins of black, and should be water-colors. If the wall be citrine in color, the doors should be dark, low-toned Antwerp blue, or it may be of dark bronze-green, but in the latter case, a line of red should be run around the inside of the architecture. If the wall be blue, a dark orange-green will do well for the door, or an orange-maroon, but a line of red around the door will improve it. A wall of bright turquoise in color will require a door of Indian red.

These are mere illustrations of numerous harmonious combinations which may be made, but they serve to show what is meant by harmonious decoration. If it is thought necessary to place an ornament on a door-panel, it is better quaint or slightly heraldic in appearance. A monogram may sometimes be applied to a door, but it should not be repeated frequently. In regard to the skirting of a room, it should always be dark, and it would be difficult to find a room where the skirting was light, which would be altogether satisfying to the eye. The skirting may often be black, the greater portion of it vanished, with parts left "dead," however, to obtain the contrast between a bright and dead surface. A few lines of color may be run upon its mouldings, but not to ornament it, for its treatment must be simple to get a retiring, yet bold, effect. If black is not desirable, brown, rich maroon, dull blue or bronze-green may be employed.

Bed rooms should be so decorated as to be soothing in effect; they are generally at fault in being very light. It is especially necessary in a bed-room that there should be an absence of spots which, indeed, are never found in good decorations. Dining-rooms should have rather dark walls, of grayish blue and maroon dado, while the emblems of the feast may be incorporated with advantage in the decoration of the room.

A smoking-room may be humorously and grotesquely decorated, but the grotesque must always be clever and vigorous.

Of necessity, all decorations will cost time, labor and a comparatively small amount of money, but, as William Morris truly said: "All who care for art must make sacrifices for it, much greater in these days of transition than they would have to do if art were an admitted necessity, and cherished by all men." There are few who, having given thought, time and means to making their homes truly "houses beautiful," do not feel repaid for their exertions, or, at least, consider them anything but profitless.

*Art-Interchange.*

Not all the teaching in the world can do us any good unless we aid it by our own self-discipline. Teaching is simply the dead form of things, the dry letter of the law; while self-discipline is the spirit that gives life to the one and meaning to the other.

## THE DEWDROP AND THE STREAM.

"GOOD-MORNING!" said a little dewdrop that hung on the tip end of a blade of grass, bending with its weight the slender green thing.

"Good-morning!" answered another dewdrop, that sparkled on a neighboring blade of grass.

"What are you going to do with yourself this fine day?" asked the first dewdrop.

"What I did yesterday," lazily answered the second dewdrop.

"That is, go up into the air and float about doing nothing until evening, and then come down to sit all night on a blade of grass," said the first dewdrop. "Now, I am tired of all this. I want to be doing something."

"I wonder what a poor little dewdrop can do?" replied the other.

"One dewdrop isn't of much account in the world," was answered, "but if a great many of us join together, we can do wonderful things. We can make streams, and rivers, and oceans. We can turn mills and float great ships. If we unite, we may become the greatest power in the earth."

"But there are only two of us here," said the second dewdrop.

"Two are stronger than one," replied the other. "So, come, sister dewdrop."

Just then a breeze flew along, and as he shook the blades of grass, he said to the dewdrops: "The sun is coming and will drink you up."

"Shake us off!" cried the first dewdrop. "Let us go down to the earth and make a little stream that shall grow into a mighty river."

Then the breeze grew strong and shook every blade of grass, and every leaf in the field and in the woods, and the ground was wet with a multitude of dewdrops that ran together.

"Get down into the earth!" said the breeze, "or the sun that is rising will drink you up. Hide yourselves from his beams, and to-morrow I will shake the grass and the leaves and send you many more dewdrops. After a while I will bring the rain. Keep close together, and fill the little veins that are in the ground, and when you are strong enough to bear the sun's heat without fainting, you can flow out in springs of water that will cut little channels for themselves, and go singing through the meadows and down the valleys."

Then all the little dewdrops crept into the ground and hid themselves away from the sun. Next morning, as the breeze had promised, it shook off from the grass and leaves myriads of other dewdrops, and they crept down into the earth to join their sisters. Morning after morning came more of them, and at last the promised rain was given.

Now it was that the water began to gather itself into a little vein or stream away below the surface of the ground, and to flow along until it found a place where it could creep out into the air and light and make a spring. And the spring, fed by the dew and

the rain, kept flowing steadily, the water making a stream that went on and on through meadows and valleys.

All around, far and near, the dew and the rain

helped to make up the unfathomable ocean that stretched from continent to continent, gave life to untold millions of living things, and bore upon its bosom the commerce of nations.



went down into the earth, and gathered together in veins that found their way out to the sun and air in bubbling springs. And from these came tiny rills that met and mingled their waters with the stream, making it larger and stronger. How glad the stream was! How it sparkled in the sunshine and played with the breezes that came down to rest upon its bosom, giving voice to its pleasure in low, tender music! On and on it flowed, all the while growing larger and larger. Sometimes it would spread out into a lake, and the sky, and hills, and trees would look down upon it and see themselves as in a mirror; sometimes it would crowd its waters into a narrow channel so deep that the bottom could not be seen, and then it would go leaping and foaming down steep rocky places, wild and free almost as the wind.

So wide did the stream at length become that men had to put bridges across that they might walk over. Still it kept widening and widening, until it became a great river on which ships could sail. And at last it flowed out into the great sea, and was lost in its mighty waters.

And so the tiny dewdrop, that was of so little account in the world as it sat alone on a blade of grass, now, in union with myriads of sister dewdrops,

#### THE YOUNG ZITHER PLAYER.

GERMAN artists are especially happy in their delineation of cottage interiors. The quiet simplicity of the scene in the above picture, by L. Vollmar, a German artist, is relieved by the incident depicted. The little bare-footed peasant-lad—destined hereafter, perhaps, to be a noted musician—is playing on that by no means easy instrument, the zither, and is entrancing the ears of his brothers and sisters, but is especially delighting the good house-mother, who looks round with a proud smile which plainly says: "Was there ever such a wonder of a boy?"

Each face is a study, and there is a singular ease and naturalness in the pose of every figure. It is a picture that holds the eye with its pleasing effects, and interests for the tender life-story it tells so effectively. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

If we would be great and worthy, we must make ourselves so; we shall assuredly not drift into nobleness. Only by painful and persistent care can we rise up to our best selves, only by diligent spiritual husbandry eradicate the weeds and cultivate the grain.



## Religious Reading.

### WHAT DO THE ANGELS DO?

FROM a volume entitled "The Angels," by a Bible Student, published in London, we make one or two extracts. The book is in the form of a narrative, which is presented as an allegory. Two characters are introduced, Sophos and Dokeos; and the views of the writer are brought out in the questions and answers which pass between these imaginary personages. It will be seen, in the extracts which we make, that the author's ideas in regard to the next world and our life there are very real and definite. The book opens with the following introduction:

I had been reading the Divine words written in the ninety first Psalm, "He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." I raised my eyes from the Bible, and fell a-musing. The house was still. All my family had retired to rest, and I was alone in my library. The ticking of the clock made monotonous music, quite in harmony with my slowly-moving thoughts. This was the only sound, and it made me conscious how deep was the silence which otherwise reigned about me. The solemn night had passed its meridian; and, perhaps, I was a little wearied with the pleasant labors of an uninterrupted evening spent at my desk. If I was weary, I had no sense of the fatigue; but felt calmly thoughtful, serenely at my ease. My previous labor of research had been sufficiently rewarded, as my manuscript of notes and extracts showed; and my work had been very agreeable. I had read the Psalm as my latest duty, and I paused at the verse I have quoted, and mused.

"He shall give His angels:"—"He" refers to the Almighty, that is clear: the angels are "His." "His angels:"—Who and what are these angels? In what relation do they stand to the Almighty? What is their nature? Wherein do they differ from man? Where was their birthplace? When were they created? What is their present state? What are their joys, their hopes? What scope have they for the exercise of their powers? Are they all alike? Are there many of them? Do they increase in number? Whence does the increase come? How is it regulated? How are they arranged and subordinated? How are they employed? In short, what do the angels do? Such were the questions which gently streamed through my mind, and became half-spoken thoughts.

"He shall give His angels charge over thee:"—Over whom? What charge? For what purpose? How fulfilled? How far can he, over whom charge is given, become conscious of the fact of their attendance and ministration? What are the laws which regulate the reception of such "charges," and their performance? Is it a universal fact—does it apply to all angels and to all men? Is it an abiding fact—will it forever apply to angels and men?

What effect has such ministration on the moral and mental freedom of him concerning whom the charge is given?

"To keep thee in all thy ways:"—How keep? Is this guardianship perpetual, or intermittent? Why, then, are there falls and declinations in state, departures from the right, wanderings into wrong?

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Are the subjects of this ministration infallibly guided, necessarily protected and preserved?

"In their hands they shall bear thee up:"—Is this science or symbolism? What is meant by the "hands" of the angels? How do they "bear" us up?

"Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone:"—What is meant by these symbols? What "foot," and against what "stone?" Why this care? What are its limits?

Once more my mind reverted to the questions:—Who are the subjects of this ministration? Who are its agents? If it be universal in respect of men, what are the evidences of its reality? If not universal, what are the grounds of the selection of certain angels as guardians, and of certain men as the subjects of such guardianship?

Another thought suggested the question—Is there any profit in such inquiries? They may, perhaps, be frivolous; perhaps they are unlawful!

"Ah," I exclaimed, "who shall be my teachers on these points? I want not old traditions, such as those that had birth in Egyptian, Babylonish and Persian imaginations, some of which were preserved in fable by the Jews, and which have been perpetuated and multiplied in the Church. I ask not for superstitious fancies, born of poetic frenzy in the brain of a fasting Mohammed. Oh, that I could gain solid instruction on these themes, the truth of which might seem self-evident in the immutable necessity of things!"

With my elbow on my desk, and my head supported by my hand, I closed my eyes. I must have fallen asleep; for what followed could only have been a kind of dream, in which former remembrances seemed to become embodied, and spoke to me, following out into new and daring channels of speculation the topics they discussed.

In this dream the allegorical personages are presented, and they answer the various questions put to them in regard to the life of angels. Among these questions was this one: "Have the angels employments?" and the following extract gives a portion of the answer:

"The perfection of society on earth," resumed Dokeos, "consists in the endless variety of genius possessed by its various members. Society would certainly not be more perfect if all men possessed the same tastes, aptitudes and idiosyncrasies. In whatever nation the greatest variety of genius is to be found, there the greatest variety of uses are performed, each perfecting the processes by which he works, each continually making new discoveries and inventions, and each becoming increasingly dexterous in administering to the welfare of all. God has provided for such a diversity. He has not made any two souls alike in character or aptitude. By this almost endless diversity of intellectual gifts, He has provided for an equal diversity of service. All this variety of gifts is good; it adds to the completeness of mankind.

"But if this almost endless variety of character, fitting men for a corresponding variety of uses, be a good thing, this good thing will not be obliterated by the transit of the human soul from the natural into the spiritual world. Death does not destroy anything which was in the soul, or which belonged to it; all

that death does is to separate the spirit from its former covering of flesh. Everything that previously pertained to the soul will still be in it—aptitudes, tastes, faculties and the specific character which caused each man to be himself, and different from all others.

"Do you not see, then, that, if this variety of aptitudes is a good thing; if it necessarily implies a corresponding variety of uses; and if this variety of faculties is taken by the souls of men into the spiritual world, it must likewise imply a corresponding variety of uses in that world? Consequently, uses corresponding to those of earth must exist and be possible to the souls of men in the spiritual world. Inasmuch as the number of the spirits of men in the spiritual world is far greater than the number of any nation or generation, seeing that all the spirits of all men who have ever lived are there, the variety of faculties, and of uses indicated in the gift of those faculties, must be beyond calculation greater than those which are visible on earth."

"It is only reasonable to suppose this to be the case," I replied.

"Hence, you may think of the wise and good of earth, who have passed into their eternal homes in the heavens, and ask: 'Will that same angelic use which would absorb and satisfy the whole soul of a Newton equally absorb and satisfy the soul of a Mendelssohn?' Can you conceive of two such minds as Milton and Faraday deriving an equal amount of happiness from the study of the same angelic theme, and pursued in exactly the same manner? Can you think that all who were good among the philosophers of Egypt, the poets and artists of Greece, the legislators of Rome, the mystics of India, the temple-builders of Central America, the mechanics of modern times and the literati of the far-off future, could alike find their fullness of blessedness in the same activity, revolving in the same routine, investigating the same problems, wrought out in the same methods, and by the use of the same calculus? The poets, painters, sculptors, architects, musicians, scientists, philosophers, mechanicians and legislators of the earth, have all possessed God-given faculties, fitting them for the performance of their high, and, if rightly regarded, even holy uses among men; death has obliterated nothing of their aptitudes, intellectual tastes and genius; what they had and were as men they have taken with them into the spiritual world; nothing of theirs has perished save the material body, by means of which they lived and wrought in the natural world; their heavenly state, consequently, must furnish to them scope for the orderly exercise of their special characteristics, in which exercise alone they could find their true and individual joy!"

"Such an idea, though if it were admitted, would revolutionize all our notions of Heaven, seems at least reasonable," I remarked.

"Ordinary notions about Heaven sorely need to be revolutionized," rejoined Dokeos. "If Heaven were a temple, there must still be diversities of use. Were it a vast church, there must needs be a variety of officials. Were it a feast, difference of place and of service would still be inevitable. Heaven is a perfect state of human society; and its perfection consists in the diversity of the reception by its inhabitants of life, love and intelligence from the Lord; and in the variety of uses which the angels are thus fitted to perform. Life in Heaven is full and complete. Fullness of life, however, must mean ample scope for the exercise of all orderly and God-given faculties; subjects provided for the exercise of all intellectual powers; objects supplied for every orderly

affection; and active uses subserving the general good, in the performance of which each angel may find his fullness of active and conscious joy."

"But this is to say that Heaven is only a more beautiful, orderly and perfect earth!" I remarked. "It is also saying that there is a definite ratio of proportion between our earthly life and our life hereafter."

"And if the earth-life is, in any true sense, a preparation for our Heaven-life, must there not exist such a proportion between the two?" replied Dokeos. "The love of the Lord possible to a man on earth is surely a preparation for his fuller love of the Lord in Heaven. The joys which such a love inspires must surely be a preparation, as well as a foretaste, of the joys to be inspired by this love in Heaven. Delight in charity, in beneficence, in ministration and service, are all such foretastes of heavenly delights. The sweet and pure pleasures derived from the contemplation of the beautiful, from new perceptions of truth, from new achievements of art, from new discoveries in science, are surely holy and heavenly; they are the foregleams and foreglimpses on earth of what awaits the soul in fullness in the heavens of God. So the wisdom of earth is kindred in kind though inferior in degree to that which prevails in Heaven. So the music of earth is linked to the music of Heaven by the bonds of an indissoluble affinity. There is no science which has not a heavenward as well as an earthward side. Nothing was ever wrought out into fixed subsistence on earth which did not first exist in the spiritual world that is in man, a conception of his mind, an object of perception and apprehension, though not yet embodied and ultimated as an object of sense."

"Do you object that such ideas are too human, representing that world as bearing too close a resemblance to this? I answer: It cannot be too human, when we remember that the inhabitants of that world are men; that they have taken with them into that world all the mental and emotional characteristics, and all the idiosyncrasies and specialties of taste and genius which they possessed in the natural world. I object to all other representations of Heaven that they are too unhuman; and utterly irrational, because so contrary to everything which we have known and felt as real and individual men. We stand on solid ground only so long as we remember that angels are men; spiritual, exalted, holy, far more perfect than earth's wisest, purest and mightiest, yet still MEN! We reason from an impregnable basis so long as we remember that the earth-life was intended to be a real preparation for life in Heaven. Abolish the fixity and grossness of matter, the restrictions of space and time, the evil affections as well as the sins to which they give rise, the squalor and misery, the penury and filth, the painful drudgery and degrading toil of the earth-life; supply to executive ability a substance as plastic as 'the stuff that dreams are made of'; on which the wills of the angels can operate directly, and almost without manual exertion; exalt a million-fold the charities, amenities and graces of existence; multiply endlessly the love and tenderness, the sweetness and blessedness, the judgment and skill, the insight and dexterity of the inhabitants; make their every purpose holy with the spirit of self-sacrifice, and every scene around them beautiful, because the corresponding outgrowth of their affections and thoughts, and then you can form to yourself a faint and far-off conception of what is meant by life in Heaven!"

"But does not such a conception of Heaven banish the idea of rest?" I asked.

Sophos answered me. "The rest of Heaven surely does not mean the rest of idleness! Spiritual rest is relief from temptation; from the pain and weariness of the struggles of mortality against evil; from the sorrows inseparable from needing to cultivate in the soil of the soul all heavenly graces and charities. The real nature of the curse was not the necessity of working—God is the great Worker! It was the toil of contrariety and constraint, having continually to watch against and to resist the fatal tendency in the soul to revert to the wilderness condition. Before the fall, Adam had 'to keep the garden and dress it,' and the labor only added to his pleasures. The earth mentioned in the curse was man's natural mind, and the briars and thorns were the evils and falses which so speedily overran it. The eradication of these by temptation-conflicts and victory is man's painful duty. In Heaven, however, there shall be rest from the labor of having to resist, overcome and destroy such noxious principles. The angels are relieved from all contrariety, and they are consequently relieved from the danger of falling into evil; they have the unalterable peace of a rest which fadeth not away."

"Activity," added Dokeos, "is the sign of life; inactivity is synonymous with death. The affectional

act of loving is delightful; the doing a service to those whom we love is joy-inspiring; to increase in knowledge by active study is blissful; to communicate to another the knowledges we have acquired is blessedness; to work out into ultimate forms the idea with which the soul has been charmed, as well as filled, is to realize, to some slight extent, the joy of creating—a joy which in its fullness enters into the perfectness of the Divine happiness. To rest from all activity would be to cease to love, which is the activity of the affections; to cease to think, which is the activity of the intellect; to cease to work, which is the activity of the executive powers. But such a cessation of activity, if total, would be a ceasing to live; for life is the orderly activity of the living form. Such a loveless, thoughtless, actionless state would be torpor, and not Heaven. Angels, consequently, love, think and work. God is the infinite activity, and therefore the infinite joy; all who derive their life from Him can only find their measure of happiness in the full exercise of their finite activities, in the discovery of their most congenial use, and in the doing of it. Heavenly employments, therefore, must occupy angelic faculties; and for angels to cease to be operative would be for them to cease to enjoy."

## Mothers' Department.

### OUR CHILDREN'S CULTURE.

#### IN TWO PARTS.

#### PART II.

IT is of vital importance that we should exercise a very careful discrimination in the choice of books for our children, and stand like a sentinel to turn away every work that cannot give the watchword of purity. There has never been an age when the diffusion of literature was so general, I might well nigh say universal, as at present. The press is sending forth myriads of streams and rills in every direction with a bounteousness unprecedented heretofore. But as everything human has its dross, so has this vast flood of literature, and many of the streams and rills of which I have spoken above are unfortunately muddy and turbid, and fail to reflect an image of Heaven.

Sensationalism, which is the bane of this restless age, has to some extent, crept even into children's literature. Accordingly we find tales and periodicals (especially for boys) which depict daring and interesting pirates and brigands, romantic and high-minded villains, sudden and brilliant streaks of luck (in which good sense, honesty and industry have no agency) and impossible adventures of every kind, all of which are portrayed with a warmth like that of fever and a vividness akin to that of lightning. A child had better be an illiterate boor than store his mind with literature of this sort, which sets before him a perverted standard of manhood, and false, inflated, pernicious ideas of life in general. Tales and periodicals of this kind naturally pave the way for dime novels and other sensational works of fiction, such for instance as the highly-colored and baleful works of "Ouida," one of whose most popular romances is founded on the motto, "A man married is a man marred," and whose other works keep fully up to the standard indicated by this motto. Again, there is Rhoda Broughton whose sparkling wit and

vivacity somewhat veil the coarseness and dubious morality of her works, and there is Miss Braddon and a host of other sensational writers whose works spring forth with the rapidity and rank luxuriance of noisome weeds. From all this baleful school of literature, parents should carefully guard their children. The best preservative against this snare is to be found in prepossessing the mind of the child with the love of pure and high-toned literature, for only by such an internal barrier can the flood of pernicious literature be kept out after the child becomes old enough to go out into the world from beneath the parent's watchful eyes. Then it will avail but little that we have kept the forbidden fruit out of his range up to that time. Besides this negative part, there is a positive work for us to do. Only by leading our child to develop a taste for pure and healthful literature, can we furnish him with an effectual safeguard against the opposite kind. As a general thing, the minds of children and young people are restless and active, and demand to be filled with something. If we do not provide them with wholesome aliment, rest assured they will find some other sort.

The present is "heir of all the ages," and so rich is it with "the spoils of time," in addition to the fresh wealth that is constantly being developed, that we can be at no loss to find abundant mental food for our children in the vast and well-nigh illimitable field of literature stretched out before us. The only difficulty is how to select from such a mass. Children have such different dispositions, and are so variously circumstanced that it is impossible to lay down an invariable rule to be pursued in their culture. The parent will have to study carefully the bent and idiosyncrasies of each particular child before marking out a course of culture for him, and he will have to vary and enlarge this course as circumstances may seem to require. The parent should study both the forte and weak point of the child, and try to adapt the reading to the strengthening of the first,

and the weakening or partial eradication of the latter. For instance, a very flighty and volatile child should be encouraged to become fond of solid reading, whilst one disposed to be gloomy and over-serious should be especially encouraged to read what was cheerful and humorous.

There is, at the present day, much pure and excellent literature designed especially for children, in the shape of periodicals, such, for instance, as "*St. Nicholas*," "*The Chatterbox*," and other admirable magazines for young folks. There are also many stories, histories, books of travel and biography written for children. Miss Muloch, Miss Yonge, Mary Howitt, Hans Christian Andersen and other distinguished writers of this age have not forgotten, amid the glories of their career, to weave many a charming tale for children. Indeed, I think it probable that in the far-off future when Andersen's graver works shall have been forgotten, he will still be known and loved as the author of "*The Ugly Duckling*." But besides the literature intended especially for children, there is a large amount of reading that might be extracted here and there from amongst the graver works of standard authors, and these extracts would benefit children far more than to keep them exclusively on "*literary pap*," as some author calls the milk-and-water literature which some writers (unjust to the capacity of children), have prepared for them. It is true this "*literary pap*" is vastly preferable to sensational literature, but at the same time, it is not well to confine a child too long, nor too closely to this sort of mental diet. There are scenes in "*The Old Curiosity Shop*," "*Dombey and Son*," and "*The Pickwick Papers*" which would be readily comprehended and greatly enjoyed if read aloud to any intelligent child from eight to ten years old. Extracts from "*The Vicar of Wakefield*" also would be within the comprehension and appreciation of children of this age. Extracts from the narrative part of McCauley's essays might be read aloud with advantage to children from ten to twelve years of age, for instance, parts of his essays on Frederick the Great or on Lord Clive. There are also some essays by Lamb, and some sketches by Hood and Washington Irving that are fully within the range of an intelligent child's comprehension, and calculated to greatly improve his literary taste. There are likewise short poems scattered among the graver works of the great poets, that are admirably adapted to assist in forming and elevating a child's literary taste. For instance, there are a good many short poems by Wordsworth that are gems of beauty and simplicity. There are Tennyson's "*May Queen*" and "*New Year's Eve*," as well as some scenes from "*Idyls of the King*," that would be fine selections for children. Some scenes from Spenser's "*Faery Queen*" are also well adapted for reading to children who, if they are not able to enter fully into the beauty of such productions at the time, will appreciate judicious selections sufficiently to make them contract a fondness for these works, and return to them in riper years when they can penetrate more deeply into their beauty and significance.

A certain harmonious grouping ought to be observed in the choice of books. A child should, on a small scale (as a mature person should, on a larger one), read, at or near the same time, things that throw light on each other. Suppose, for instance, that your boy is reading a history of Rome. If you select one of McCauley's fine spirited Roman lays, and read it aloud to him, just after he has finished a chapter in his history describing the same event, this will lend it a far greater charm and interest, and help to fix it

in his memory. Or you might extract some portions of Shakespeare's "*Julius Caesar*," or "*Coriolanus*," or "*Titus Andronicus*," and read them in connection with the same periods of history, whereby these eras would become far more vivid and real to your child, and he would also acquire a disposition to read and study for himself, in maturer years, a writer whose works alone would afford a liberal education to a student. Suppose again your child is reading a history of Charles XII, of Sweden, or some other monarch of that country. It would make Sweden seem far more real and life like to him if you set him to reading, at the same time, some Swedish tales, say, for instance, some of Andersen's lovely stories, which are mostly laid in Sweden, Norway and Denmark, or he might read some of Miss Frederika Bremer's charming tales of Swedish life, "*The Neighbors*," "*The President's Daughter*," "*Home*," "*The H. Family*," etc., or he might read some of the old Norse legends, "*Frithiof's Saga*," for instance, which throws so much light on the old Swedish mythology, legends and ideals, whilst merely considered as a narrative, it would charm his boyish heart with its recitals of the Dragon Ship, Ellida and the Magic Sword, Angurvadel, brother to the lightning, with the wondrous runes on its hilt that could be read only at the gates of the sun. But it is useless to make further suggestions on this subject, as the kind of grouping we have indicated may be readily done by any cultivated and judicious person, conformably to the age, tastes and capacity of the child to be trained.

Beware of reading things too long and too difficult to a child, as this will tend to give him a distaste for literature. The great point is to encourage a child to love literature. One single sentence that a child receives into his affections and understanding, is worth more than a whole volume read to a listless, uncomprehending child. It is best, on every account, to read only short articles or selections to a child, at first, and the moment you see his attention wandering or flagging, shut the book.

In the culture of a child, there ought to be a judicious mingling (proportioned according to his age, bent and capacity), of the various departments of literature, history, biography, essay, travel, drama, poetry and romance. Many persons have a narrow-minded objection to works of fiction on account of the many pernicious writings to be found in that province of literature; but this is no argument at all against fiction. It only exemplifies the universal law that everything may be abused and perverted, and the more excellent anything is, the more grievous is its perversion. The finer works of modern fiction are genuine studies and analysis of character, different from the romances of former centuries, which consist mostly in glittering surface-pictures, and an imposing array of circumstances. As our children come into their teens, I think it would be well to introduce a sprinkling of good novels into their reading. It would be well, however, for them to read Sir Walter Scott and other writers whose forte is narrative and description, before introducing them to George Eliot and other writers of the modern introspective school whose works are such subtle studies of character. Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen are writers to whom we should, by all means, give a corner in the book-case of our young folks. Miss Muloch, too, with her crystalline purity, and her faithful and interesting pictures of life, should be an honored guest, whilst George MacDonald should also have a niche reserved for him.

Not only should we have a plenty of good books



but we should also provide good periodicals for our children, as these fill a place and supply a need to which books are not exactly adapted. They keep up better with the ever-shifting spirit of the age, and give us more general information about what is going on in the world around us, the progress of art, literature, mechanics, etc. This information, too, is conveyed in a brief and readily intelligible form. A periodical holds the same relation in culture that

small coin does in the little business transactions of every-day life, when a large bank-note would be unavailable. A periodical is very often a welcome and instructive visitor when a person has neither time, inclination nor capacity for heavier and more voluminous reading; so by all means, let us have good periodicals, not only for ourselves, but for our children, for there is no more important adjunct to culture.

MARY W. EARLY.

## The Home Circle.

### WRINKLES AND DIMPLES;

#### OR, MYSELF AND MY GIRLS.

##### No. 9.

WE promised to tell the girl-readers more about the literary society at Millwood. Two of the essays were so well read, and we were so well pleased with them, that we secured them to put away in our "strong box," as Tудie calls it. The fanciful caption of one essay was:

#### "THE STARS LOOKED DOWN.

"It was a still night in June, June, queen-month of all the year walked like a priestess garlanded with roses and lilies, and draped in the leaves of the summer. But the regal June was as bleak as the drear December, to a lone watcher who sat at a window in a hospital in the city of Nashville. He was leaning his head on his hands, and looking out upon the doomed city. Soft airs stirred the tops of the stately pines and cedars that grew close to the beautiful building which had been transformed by the fortune of war, from a young ladies' seminary, into a hospital for the sick and wounded.

"The nurse was a dreamer, even though his haggard face was bronzed, and his scant blouse was worn and ragged.

"As the stars looked down upon the restless city whose pulses were never still, the dreamer-nurse, musing on the changes of war, smiled as he seemed to hear the light patter of the feet of merry school-girls on the broad stairs, their ringing laughter in the wide halls, and the sound of glad voices among the shaded walks and avenues.

"But all this was of the past. No more did the clear tones of the brazen bell in the lofty cupola sound throughout the broad and beautiful streets—its tongue was stilled—a ban was upon the city—the avenger's hand was uplifted, and his grasp was upon the sword.

"Nurse" called a feeble, quivering voice, and the form at the window was soon beside the low pallet on which lay his charge, a fair boy, almost a child, with clustering rings of curly hair, and eyes of tender blue, and mouth sweet and pitiful as a sad little girl's.

"He was delirious, and throwing his arms about the neck of his nurse, he wailed: 'Oh, I wish I could see them! They cried and didn't want me to go, but I had to do it; they said my country needed me! Poor mother! there's nobody to help her now. They all came with me to camp the day before I started; no, they didn't all come; Jenny couldn't; the poor little thing had no shoes to wear. Oh, dear! I wish I could only see them! I wish I could lay

my head on mother's bosom as I used to do, maybe I'd get well then!' and he moaned piteously, and clung tightly with his hot twitching arms to the neck of his nurse.

"After awhile he started up suddenly, and with staring eyes, cried out: 'Who was that? Do you know, nurse? Maybe it was your mother. Do you think it was your mother?'

The nurse, who was in the prime of his young manhood, bowed his head upon his hands and wept aloud.

"The stars looked down upon the summer-crowned earth. Their pure, pale light shone into that lonely room, and the tableau was touching to behold. The worn watcher's frame was shaken with emotion, the tears trickled through his fingers, while between his sobs came the broken words: 'O mother! mother!' He remembered, oh, how vividly! the summer morning in his childhood, on which his young mother was stricken down by the hand of death while yet the roses bloomed on her cheeks, and her eyes shone with the lustre of a youthful beauty.

"The wandering words of the delirious boy had opened a fountain that had been long sealed—had uncovered a wound that could never be healed.

"The mingled light of the waving lamp and the radiant stars shone upon the other figure in the tableau—the soldier-boy dying among strangers, far from home, and friends, and mother. The curls clung to his damp forehead, and the fever-flame glowed upon his cheeks. His only desire was to see the face of his dear mother once more, and she was far away in her poor home on the wide prairies of Illinois. How he begged to see her! Then his words became incoherent—sounds only—with an occasional intermingling of tender plaints and piteous entreaty that she would come to his dying bed. No soothing words of the nurse, nor promises, nor plans, could draw his thoughts from the eager desire to behold the one face that was all in all to him.

"It was the noon of that calm, starry, June night. The air was laden with the odor of rare flowers, that made beautiful the city on the banks of the river. The soldier-boy slumbered; the curtain at the window rustled in the night breeze and the balmy air swept gently across his pillow. Did a voice and a form come to the boy in that soft zephyr, that fragrance-laden wind that kissed the curls on his damp brow? Only this, saw the watcher at the bedside, but the luminous eyes whose light was going out saw more than this. God had heard his piteous cry!

"If we are beset with trials and our way is hedged in on either side—the skies above us brass—the earth beneath us a seeming incrustation, covering fire that waits to consume us, how often at such times, suddenly in the twinkling of an eye, comes a sweet light that removes all barriers and dispels the darkest shadows while we walk in an illuminated pathway.

If we are wronged and our hearts are full of bitter thoughts, if we are weary of life and long to lie down in the quiet bosom of the earth, how often comes to us, suddenly, a sweet peace that fills our hearts with love and good-will, and we seem to walk to the music of bird songs and rippling waters.

"There is nothing strange in this; we have been met by the angels. They meet us daily, though our dimmed eyes behold them not. So, when the dying boy with a cry of joy flung up his arms, and folded them about the neck of the mother-vision that bent above him, the nurse bowed his head reverently, for he sat in a holy place—holier than a sanctuary.

"O mother, I knew you would come! I so longed to see you! O mother, mother!" and the fever-tossed head turned itself in a nestling way, as if it were really pillowed on the beloved breast and in the sheltering arms that were hundreds of miles away in a lonely prairie home.

"And thus he lay, smiling in sweet content, crowned by the one happiness which he so fervently craved. Blessed be the dear Father who sent his angels to minister to the need of the dying child! The stars looked down, and their serene light seemed to illumine that cheerless room. The boy was dead,

"And the light of immortal beauty  
Silently covered his face."

Lottie's essay was called "GRACE GREENWOOD." We were delighted with it. The girls say they think her mother or her aunt helped her to write it. Well, as George used to say, "it belonged to the family," and if it was original that was all that was necessary. It began:

"The first literary woman I learned to love through her books was dear, charming Grace Greenwood. The first I remember of her was of sitting in my baby-chair, leaning forward, eagerly listening to her exquisite little child-stories. I could not read a word; so my mother, in her anxiety to have me acquire a taste for reading, read aloud the little stories suited to my infant capacity. I remember very distinctly and painfully how I used to jump up and say, 'I am so thirsty;' or, 'Maybe our stove smokes;' or, 'I am so warm,' when my eyes were brimming full of tears, and I wanted an excuse to go out doors and straighten my face and wipe my eyes. Dear Grace! how could I restrain my tears over her pathetic appeals—how close my heart to the sweet pathos of her charming stories!

"Her real name is Sara J. Clarke. She was born in the village of Pompey, N. Y., and she is probably about fifty-five years old at this time. Her father was a grandson of President Jonathan Edwards, and her ancestors on the maternal side were of illustrious Pilgrim descent; but with no book of reference at hand, we cannot quite recall the line. Surely there was never a greater romp in childhood than the wild hoyden Grace. Her hat never stayed on her head; she always wore it hanging down her back. She could ride the wildest colt without a saddle, and fearless as a circus-rider. She knew where every bird's nest was; and no matter if it was in the top of a tree, Grace could tell how many eggs were in it, or what degree of apparel the young birds had attained to, and the precise kind of food the mother brought them—worms fat and wriggling, or bugs in shells black and glistening, and not easy of access.

"Of the many books Grace has written, we love none better than her child-books—'Merrie England,' 'Bonnie Scotland,' 'Old Wonder Eyes,' 'History of My Pets' and 'Recollections of My Childhood.' No

little library is complete without them, they are so fresh, and bright, and sparkling, so full of good, healthy, strong, enjoyable fun.

"When Grace was a little girl say seven years old, she used to steal out to the stable and take the wildest horse away off out of sight, and ride on it; sometimes she would ride with her face turned the wrong way, sometimes standing up, and at last the little brown gypsy had reached her highest ambition when she could stand on one foot and ride on the gallop. She was very dark-complexioned, had large, beautiful black eyes, and abundance of jetty elfin locks that spurned the use of comb and brush, and the touch of gentle, loving hands. One time her mother called her a little squaw, and Grace became angry and ran away from home, a distance of a few miles, to an Indian camp, and told them she wanted to be their little girl and live with them. They were a thievish, low set of half-breed Indians, who followed basket-making, and they were immensely diverted at her proposal. She stayed one day, when her parents came for her and took her home. She was glad to go with them.

"When Grace was nineteen years old, her father removed to New Brighton, Pa. There, among the wild, and beautiful, and picturesque scenery, the beauty-loving soul of the enthusiastic young poetess found exquisite companionship. She was enraptured. Day after day she roamed among the hills and loitered on the banks of the river, and feasted her soul on the treasures that nature has so bountifully gathered into this wild spot. There she could enjoy horseback-riding in the fullest freedom.

"An old, stupid, ministerial brother, Watson by name, used to visit at our house—pastoral visits they were—and he had lived at New Brighton at the time dear Grace was in the full flush and flower of her peerless young maidenhood. One day I heard my mother say to him: 'O Brother Watson, wasn't Grace Greenwood a sparkling girl! Didn't you fire up and grow stronger under the magnetism of her lustrous black eyes?'

"I was a little girl, loving Grace dearly, and I listened, eager for the answer. I wanted to hear all I could about her, and I felt the ugliest wrinkles come in my forehead when he replied, with his fat fist stuck up a-kinbo on his solid side: 'Queer, very queer, Grace was! She was such—an—a—romp, that I've known her to ride their wildest critters from mornin' till night. She used to invite me to ride with her; but I never could 'a' stood it; I couldn't 'a' kep' up with her; an' then if I hadn't she 'a' up an' luffed at me like enough. W'y you could 'a' heard her luff as fur as you could 'a' heard a bell ring.' And here the hard-shell brother lowered his voice and said: 'I allus thought that Miss Greenwood hed a notion o' me—wanted me fur to marry her like, as you may say. W'y she'd make just as free as any of my own cousins would! She'd joke me, and tell funny stories, and run rigs on me, and poke fun at me most furiously, she would. Howsumever, I allus kep' an eye on her. I was a leetle suspicious of her. You see her father wasn't no ways forehanded, not rich, and it stood her in hand for to marry a preacher, if she could git him.'

"This revelation was a rare treat for us, and Brother Watson, the dear old 'bused lamb whom 'Miss Greenwood hed wanted fur to marry,' was ever after that an object of interest to us and ours."

This was the essay that we liked best. The other one was so mournful, that it left us heavy-hearted for a long time. It was true, the death of the poor little

soldier boy, to whom his mother seemed to appear at that moment, when the mortal is putting on immortality. We question not the reality of the death-bed vision; it was enough to know that his head seemed to be pillowed on the loving bosom of his mother.

Charming Grace! We always loved the free, wild, joyous girl and woman. There was a frolicsome freedom that went cantering through her child-stories and her sketches which was inimitable original, racy, piquant, spicy, and out of the reach of pen or tongue of others. She was unapproachable, and all the more lovable and attractive, and we wondered not that the writer of the breezy essay had chosen this theme for her subject.

The other essays were quite as good as the two we selected, but these will show you girl-readers the style of essays in the literary society at Millwood. We are sure you will be pleased with the performances, and regret that we cannot present you with a whole evening's programme, but it takes so long and occupies so much good space. We will, however, devote one more number to this subject. You will want to hear about the rest; and we hope something may be suggested that will aid you in conducting your own literary societies in an instructive and entertaining manner. There is so much good to be derived from these gatherings, that we hope they will be organized in out-of-the-way country school-houses; and to encourage and stimulate your efforts we will tell you of the first one we ever attended, and of the obstacles that were heaped up in our way.

CHATTY BROOKS.

#### LEAF-FALL.

FOR some reason, we never find any one who is quite sure as to the advent and departure of that glory of the year—the Indian summer. Artists have pictured it, poets have raved of it, but none can tell whence it comes or whither it goes. The mysterious uncertainty that hangs about it, inclines one to believe that this queen of the color carnival holds her court in abeyance to her own most gracious will, and comes and goes through all the months of October and November.

Its first little scarlet flag waved from the top of a sumac weeks ago, heralding the death of impassioned summer. Since then, what superlative days have trailed their splendors along the hillsides. When the woods just burn with their scarlet and amber conflagration, and our children gather bunches of golden rod and wild grapes, while we pluck bouquets of gorgeous-colored leaves and purpling gray mosses or lichens; when a veil of purple mist floats over the mountain, and a haze sails down the valley, this surely is Indian summer.

But six weeks later, after a shivering rain, or possibly a dash of snow, to remind us of the winter-king, we are suddenly startled by visions of a transfigured world. The entire atmosphere seems bathed in limpid gold. Exotic colors have burned to ashen gray, except the sumac's crimson flag. The blue jay caws through the naked woods, and now and then a lone cricket pipes its shrill note in the dying grass, while the squirrels pause in their hide-and-seek scamper, scared by the rustle of nuts falling on their russet beds.

When the setting sun flushes vale and river, and hillside with amethyst and amber, and the tall pines dip their needles in the purple mist at morn; when the golden nebula sails down the valleys, and the spiritual and physical consciousness is pervaded with

coolness and quiet, mingled sweetness and sadness, and the finest pulses within us throb from the touch of these exquisite phases of sight, sound and subtle fragrance, none need tell us that this, too, is Indian summer.

Something that eludes expression belongs to the delicious atmosphere of these days. The morning walk gives a tonicity unequaled. As the days glide by, we revel in color and subtle evanescent skies, intoxicated from drinking with the eyes, but no painful, throbbing head ensues.

What artist's touch is that which masses such contrasts in color, and yet permits not such juxtaposition to offend the most critical eye? Not a shade is misplaced. Harmony is everywhere seen upon the gigantic hanging-gardens. The hickories with their golden brown; the sumacs with their fiery scarfs, changed by distance into blood-red flame; the rose and pink of maples; the yellow of chestnut and poplars mingle strangely with the solemn green of pine and hemlock. If the day perchance is clouded, the intense flame of color produces an effect like sunshine.

Very tender and pathetic are the carpetings of the fallen leaves. We walk over pavements of gold. Oriental splendors lie at our feet. A queen might be proud to walk where these gallant trees have spread their bright cloaks. One is beset with the childish desire to lie at full length upon them, to heap them high above the form, to bury face, and hands, and feet amongst them, for the sake of their rare, subtle odor, and to listen to the voice of their rustle, which seems to say: "It is not at all sad to die. We have expired in Oriental splendor, and go to nourish the earth awhile, that we may reappear in the glad spring-time."

If we listen with a healthful ear while down on nature's lap, she will not point a lugubrious moral. She will not raise a dolorous cry of

"Melancholy days have come,  
The saddest of the year!"

Nay, but she will whisper to the enlightened heart that the dying leaf has even yet a work to perform, silently and unseen, to nourish the tree that holds within her bosom the promise of rejuvenated life! Therefore, she drops to the lap of earth with grand dignity.

Let us, then, take heart at nature's knee. She will hush our tired, sick hearts to rest, and peace, and hope in the Diviner Heart! While the miracle of the year goes on, and we watch the ensanguined and magnificent death about us, let us strive if haply we may color the earth and sky with as royal a departure.

HELEN H. S. THOMPSON.

#### PRESERVING SOUVENIRS.

THESE are usually curiosities, and we wish to put them on exhibition to our friends, yet secure them from scars and mutilations caused by too frequent and careless handling. Such necessity has suggested some inventions, ornamental as well as useful, and I give them for the benefit of those in a like situation.

In a trip South several years ago, I collected many interesting specimens and relics, and brought a few from the Centennial. From Gainesville I got shells, alligator-teeth, fish-jaws, bird-skulls, feathers and claws, pine cones, seed-vessels, long moss, and pressed flowers gathered from the lakes and hamaks; and from St. Augustine, collections of coquina, marble,

coral, shells and palmetto, stolen from the most interesting features of this ancient city by the sea; a fine block of coquina from "look-out tower," which, like the Roman sentinel, has guarded for centuries old San Marco from encroachments of the sea; a handful of shells from the Plaza, remaining monument of Spanish rule; the same from the old Moorish burial-ground, with its ancient chapel, its crosses as monuments bearing such singular names, and its mouldering urns and sunken graves; a bit of coquina from the three gray pyramids covering the remains of Major Dade and his one hundred braves, murdered by Osceola's band of savages during the Seminole war; several roses from the famous old tree La Sylphide, fifteen feet high, the same in circumference and fifteen inches round the trunk, owned by Señor Oliveros; pieces of marble and granite forming the floor of the new striped light-house, of which I climbed two hundred and thirty steps to the top, where the immense glass reflector made me look hideous; a peck of shells from Anastasia's coquina beach, where carbonate of lime, like some greedy miser, seizes ocean's treasures, adds them to his pile, and, as years roll on, with tightening grip holds and heaps up a fortune for succeeding generations, for it is here that all the building-material for that wonderful fort, that ancient cathedral, the broad sea-wall, old city gate, and innumerable abodes, were quarried and raised as permanent walls of defense against sea and savage.

The pressed flowers and ferns were glued to pink-tinted paper, varnished and framed with shell frames, made according to directions before given in "Rum-maging in the Garret," i. e., fastened on the wood with putty to resemble roses, beginning each rose with small bivalves, whose concaves must be kept cupping in and gradually growing larger as the petals of a rose, the ground to be made of spirals or volutes. A cornice was made of the coarser shells, and draped à la lambrequin, with the long moss (*Tillandsia usneoides*), and capped with a branch of palmetto.

A block of fresh coquina became the pedestal for a branch of white coral, amongst whose tree-like twigs a bird's nest, with its five sea-beans, looked quite natural and snug enough for use. An irregular pedestal of shells, skulls, petrified bone and fossil remains, was surmounted by a trio of deep shells for receiving water, ferns and mosses; a huge clam-shell rested upon a tripod of round shells, and a pink conch was made to stand alone by resting in a fallen branch of the coral. Thus arranged, they all hold water, and serve as vases for flowers and foliage. A bird's claw acts as a rest for an egg-shell vase, ornamented on the front with an embossed crane, and finished at the top by a gilt band, notched to flare as the mouth of an antique vase.

In some instances I have been forced to bring the two extremes together—the productions of the North and South, or, rather, those secured from the two—and found that, instead of disagreeing, they harmonized, and made quite a natural-looking combination. A beautiful and highly-polished card-receiver was made by putting the hinged part of a pair of bivalvular shells (left a little open) to a two-inch square block of onyx, brought from the Centennial as a specimen of the Mexican onyx mantel, purchased for two thousand five hundred dollars by his Majesty Emperor William of Germany. The greenish wavelets pervading the creamy transparency of both, exactly corresponded, and it makes a unique and delicate curiosity, as well as an improved card-receiver, since the rounding of the shells exposes the

corners of the cards that they may easily be got hold of with the finger and thumb.

The inverted, funnel-shaped seed-vessel of the pond-lily became the pedestal for the section of olive wood from the Holy Land, thus making a miniature candle-stand. An immense pine cone from the "barrens" was the nucleus for a pyramid of butterflies and curious bugs, grasshoppers and other insects. Curious formations of stones were the foundation for the beautiful sea-fan, to which it clings as naturally as if in ocean's briny depths. M. L. SAYERS.

### SOMETIME.

"SOMETIME!" Magic word! What rich promise it holds for many a traveler on life's busy high road.

Sometime! What dreams are built on it for future happiness—what plans laid for great acts to be accomplished, for good to be wrought, for pleasures to be gained, for hopes long cherished to reach fruition.

"Sometime," says the boy, eager with hope and youthful trust in the future, "I will be a grown man, and will do ever so much work in the world. I will help to build towns, perhaps, or make railroads, or write books, or paint pictures. And I will have a house of my own, and plenty of money, and a horse and gun, or a boat to sail in."

"Sometime," says the school-girl, tired of her daily tasks, "I shall have done with lessons, and be a young lady, and have a good time like the grown girls have now, and visit, and go to parties, and do as I please." And visions throng through her brain of long dresses, delightful parties and beaux, trips to the mountains, lakes or seashore; or, if not so ambitious, a quiet summer in the country with some aunt or cousin. The future is a happy Elysium to her, graced with airy castles, and peopled with imaginary beings.

"Sometime," says the young man just starting in business, with hope and courage high, "sometime before long I shall make enough to get a little house, and take 'the dearest girl in the world' to it as my loved and cherished wife. What a sweet little home—what we will have, and what happiness it will be to have her voice and smile always ready for me when I come to it. How tenderly I will care for her, and guard her from every ill, and how sweetly she will repay me by her love." The manly cheek flushes with pride and affection, and his step has a spring in it which accords with his buoyancy of spirit. Steadily he works, with hope for a stimulus, and a vision before him of happy years crowned with earth's best gifts.

"Sometime," thinks the maiden, as she sits with her glowing cheek resting upon her hand, "he will claim me for his own, and I shall be so happy in making life bright for him." She thinks of her home, of the childhood pleasures she has shared with the loved ones in it; of girlhood's brighter days, the enjoyments she has had with young companions, the little hopes, joys, trials and duties that have hitherto made up her life; of the fond mother whose love and care have been so precious, and whose counsels have guided her steps into womanhood. The thought of her separation from these saddens her. It is giving up a great deal whose value she knows and appreciates for an untried life. Yet, dearer than aught else is the new love—the bliss in store for her; and her willingness to give up all else for it, without any doubts, proves to her that this feeling is deep and true—deep and pure as the life-springs of her being—



and she looks forward to the blissful "sometime" without a shadow of fear.

"Sometime," says the eager, overworked business man, "I shall grow rich, and retire from business, and live an easy life, enjoying the pleasures of home with my family. My sons and daughters shall have everything that heart can wish, and I will be able, by carefully investing it, to leave them plenty of money." So he builds on this dream, while he works his brain and body to the verge of paralysis, often breaking down before his goal is reached.

"Sometime," says the invalid, weary with long suffering and waiting, "I shall be released from the burden of these ills, and take up a new and beautiful existence in the land beyond, where no suffering or sorrow can ever come, but where these useless hands and feet can lead a life of happy usefulness again in doing for others." Her pale face brightens with the blessed prospect, and the thought of it gives her patience through many a trying hour.

"Sometime," says the aged pilgrim on life's road, "I shall be done with this old body, which has become feeble, and refuses longer to obey all my wishes, and shall put on a new one that will last forever. There youth will be renewed, and strength regained, and life will be one long, perfect existence of contentment and happiness."

Ah, this golden sometime! What brightness of Divine light to live in! What blessed rest, after the storms of a troubled world! What meetings of souls that are near akin, though in the flesh wide lands have separated them, or death has kept them long apart! What blest companionship of loved ones, walking beside the living streams, beneath the trees that never fade! What work of beauty and use, and what deeds of love, may there be carried on; for the higher life will bring higher aspirations, capabilities and employments, and who can tell what may be in store for us there? Sometime—ah! sometime we shall go home and know!

LICHEN.

## OUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

### No. 8.

ANOTHER door has swung open, and a new light beams across our pathway. A new baby has come to us and to the home childless for ten years. We want to tell you mothers about it. Our brother Robe brought Nellie over the other morning while we were at breakfast, telling us to keep her until afternoon. His voice was low, and his face was haggard and anxious, and he did not wait to take the cup of hot coffee we offered him.

Yes, we were glad to see the little dear—her golden curls heavy with dew—and we cuddled her wet feet in our lap while she ate her breakfast. She promised us that she would "behave" when we went to our room to finish the article for Thursday's paper, if we would let her lie on our bed and rest. We could not refuse. We sat down to write, and she closed her eyes gently. Pretty soon we heard her whispering, and peeping round slyly, we saw her arranging the three pillows in the centre of the bed; her bright hair swinging over her forehead, her sweet panting breath going and coming, and she was saying in a loud whisper: "Grandpa, you can stick yourself in down there at the foot, you can double up and hang your feet overboard well enough if you try; and Lily, you can pack in up at the head on the straw tick; you can curl up like a worm, yes, you can, too; don't tell me that! And auntie, right here is your place, right in the middle. I've made

you a nice bed of these pillows just as soft as I could make it; I know how just the nicest way." Now does any woman presume that we, auntie, the best beloved, could sit with our back to that darling and write, while she puffed, and planned, and plodded on so wearily in her unselfish play? We couldn't stand it, and with a spring we landed on the bed, and caught the little fairy, and we played and tossed pillows, and tumbled about noisily, until the deacon settled our boisterous merriment with a surprised: "Well I do declare!" His reprimands are not severe, not pointed, and yet they imply a great deal.

Ida came up from her home in the village, and when she returned she took Nellie with her. As they walked along together the little thing said in a patronizing way: "I like to go to your house and visit; you don't say, 'keep quiet, Nellie! Come, come, Nellie!' You're not one o' the writin' kind, are you?"

About four in the afternoon we took the child home. We wanted to be present when the revelation came. It is so pleasant to hear the original little thinkers give expression to their thoughts. Sister Mute looked very sweet lying on the white bed, with her beautiful hair tossed back like sheeny, silken floss among the pretty pillows. Nellie walked up and laid one shapely little hand, with a caressing pat on her mother's shoulder, saying: "My dear mamma! did they give you nasty medicine—well, well; do you feel better, dear mamma?" And as she patted the shoulder softly, her hand slid down gently and touched—something. She leaned forward and turned the sheet down, and there lay, a little brother.

"Whose is it? Is it Shambaugh's baby?" she said, eagerly, "or—or—is it ours—tell me mamma, tell me!"

"It is our own; ours to keep; your little brother," was the answer.

Nellie's knees seemed to give way suddenly, and she fell, and sprang to her feet in the twinkling of an eye. She drew it up closer, and plained out in a tender, cooing voice: "You little darling, dear! Here's your Nellie, your blessed little cutie. I wouldn't hurt you for eight cents, dearie; no not for one dollar and a half;" and she twisted her fingers, and her arms flitted like wings. Just then the baby stretched out its little length, and the fingers of one hand caught in the neck of Nellie's dress, and closed tightly. She knew by that sign that the little brother loved her, and was anxious to be near her. Suddenly a painful thought came to the practical little woman-child—the old cow, Martin, was dead, and the supply of milk was cut short in consequence. She looked very sad, and said: "You know we have nothing to feed this baby—Martin is dead—and, O mamma, if you could feed it yourself like other women do, oh, how nice that would be! If you *only* could, mamma!"

The mother's voice was soft and low, she did not even smile, but she looked Nellie fairly in the face, as she said: "Perhaps I could." How the child caught her breath at the bare possibility, her nostrils dilated, the sweet curve of her lips grew more decided, her eyes gleamed and sparkled, and were starry; their very expression asked a momentous question, and the new mother's eyes, in turn, answered it in the affirmative. And little Nellie, stepping softly and slowly, as though she trod on hallowed ground, turned down the counterpane, as one would uncover the face of the dead, and looked modestly on the white bosom of her mother. Her most sanguine hope was realized, and with a cry of exquisite delight, her voice rang out with: "Our

darling baby! Mamma we can keep him! There's two rows of 'em, and one in each row!"

And the little baby, named Sherwood Hastings, has the best blood of the Pottses in his veins—his grandpa's finely cut mouth, his mother's nails, his father's funny feet, his auntie's eyes, his uncle's nose,

and we all love him, and think he is ours—part and parcel of us. And the coming of a baby has gladdened our hearts and our homes, and given us new cause for rejoicing. It is no little thing, after all these years of quietude in which the very moss has almost grown on us.

PIPSEY POTTS.

## Evenings with the Poets.

### FAIR AGATHA'S GUEST.

**F**AIR Agatha sat on the great hall stair,  
Weeping her blue eyes dim,  
Because of the words of her stern-brow'd sire—  
Sir Everard, tall and grim.

He had bidden her come to the oaken hall,  
And there, in bright display,  
Were silks, in many a tangled skein,  
From spindles of Cathay.

Said the knight: "I would have a silken cord  
My gay gos-hawk to bind,  
And thou must untangle these knotted threads,  
And, one by one, them wind.

"Or ever the sun, on his westward path,  
Shall light yon burnished shield,  
Thy busy fingers must finish the task,  
For then I ride from field."

She laughingly kissed his bearded lip  
At task so strange and new,  
And he rode away with his huntsmen bold,  
While she to her gay work flew.

Like humming-birds, fluttering in and out,  
Her pretty fingers ran;  
And with snatches of song and olden rhyme  
Gayly the task began.

But soon more mazy the tanglement grew,  
More slowly the time went by,  
The song died away from her ruby lip,  
The laughter from her eye.

From the hawthorn which bordered the castle wall  
She heard the blackbird's song,  
And she wished the wearisome duty o'er,  
Which dragged so slow along.

"'Twas an evil thing to prison me here,  
O cruel father of mine!  
I have men and maidens at my command,  
Yet captive here I pine!"

Then she sat her down on the great hall stair  
To weep her blue eyes dim,  
With bitter complaint of her father dear—  
Sir Everard, tall and grim.

Now, what doth she see by the castle gate?  
A palfrey, white as snow,  
And a lady, whose curls of golden brown  
To her slender waist down flow.

She lighteth down, and she enters the hall,  
And lifts her merry eyes  
Where Agatha sits in sorrowful mood,  
All dumb with sweet surprise.

"What grieveth thee so, O maiden fair?"  
Thus spake the lady bright:  
And Agatha, won by her gentle smile,  
Told all her woeful plight.

Then laughed the lady a silvery laugh:

"I'll help thee now," quoth she;  
"For diligent fingers make cheerful work,  
And such our task shall be."

So, with smile and song, their lily-white hands  
Each shining thread outdrew,  
Till heaps of ruby, and amber, and gold,  
All straight they lay, and true.

Then up rose the lady and donn'd her scarf,  
And turned to say farewell;  
"Nay, do not go," fair Agatha cried,  
"Until thy name thou tell!"

The lady smiled, but she said: "My name  
I cannot tell to thee;  
Ask thy father when homeward he comes to-day,  
I ween he knoweth me."

"Oh, wait his coming!" fair Agatha cried:  
"Nay, stay and be my guest!"  
And with many a soft and winsome word  
Her loving suit she pressed.

But, smiling, the lady kissed her cheek,  
And still she said her "Nay;"  
Then, mounting again her snow-white steed,  
She swiftly rode away.

Ere the red-cross sun had shivered his lance  
Against the ancient shield,  
Fair Agatha saw, from the castle gate,  
Her father ride from field.

Sir Everard bowed with his nodding plume,  
And kissed his mailed hand,  
And he thought, in his heart, his only child  
Fairest in all the land.

He lighted him down from his coal-black steed,  
And walking at her side:

"How fareth it then with thy task," quoth he,  
"Since forth I went to ride?"

Then, with eyes downcast and red-rose cheeks,  
Her truthful tale she told;  
And then of the lady with eyes so bright,  
And tresses of dusky gold.

"If thou knowest her well, my father dear,  
Oh, tell me whence she came!  
Why rides she alone on her snow-white steed,  
And what is the lady's name?"

Then the good knight turned, with a grave, fond  
smile,

And clasped her dainty hand:

"Why such wearisome task was thine," he said,  
"Thou couldst not understand.

"'Twas to help thee learn my lesson hard,

The lady hither came;

If thou likest well, she shall dwell with thee;

And PATIENCE is her name!"

MRS. A. W. BROWNE.

## THE MODEL YOUNG LADY.

EVERY one calls her remarkably good,  
All of her virtues are well understood,  
Spotless her laces, and smooth is her hair,  
She is propriety's self sitting there  
With her bland smile and her satisfied air.

"Cheerful?" What of it? She smiles when you smile,

Lets you the wearisome moments beguile;  
Takes your red roses and weaves into crowns,  
Lists while the voice of your flattery sounds.  
"Cheerful?" Go prove her with shadows and frowns.

"Lovèd and loving?" She has a new ring,  
Jeweled and costly, an exquisite thing;  
Far too imposing a token to hide,  
Pledge of her conquest, she wears it with pride,  
Proud to be chosen as luxury's bride.

"Free from quick passion?" Her heart-beats are slow;  
How should the half-empty chalice o'erflow?  
Few are the feelings she has to restrain;  
What does she know of the torturing pain  
Of the racked heart, and the agonized brain?

"Pattern for others?" What tempts her to stray?  
Where could she find a more sunshiny way?  
Changing her path were to darken her hours;  
Sinning means thistles, and saintliness flowers;  
Duty leads onward through vineyards and bowers.

Not that I judge her; oh, bitter and stern  
Lessons, in future her spirit may learn!  
Nectar, by keeping, may change into gall;  
Goodness untried is no goodness at all.

Not the frankincense and gold from the mine,  
Not the sweet fragrance of Galilee's wine,  
Not the rich ointment the penitent poured,  
Not the hosanna's triumphant accord—  
Thorn-wreath and cross proved the love of the Lord.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

## A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

DO you know that you have asked for the costliest thing  
Ever made by the Hand above—  
A woman's heart and a woman's life,  
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know that you have asked for this priceless thing  
As a child might ask for a toy?  
Demanding what others have died to win,  
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,  
Man-like you have questioned me—  
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul  
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,  
Your socks and your shirts shall be whole;  
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,  
And pure as Heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;  
I require a far better thing;  
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts,  
I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called home,  
And a man that the maker, God,  
Shall look upon as he did the first,  
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade  
From my soft, young cheek one day;  
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,  
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep  
I may launch my all on its tide?  
A loving woman finds Heaven or hell  
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,  
All things that a man should be;  
If you give this all, I would stake my life  
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this—a laundress and cook  
You can hire, with little to pay;  
But a woman's heart and a woman's life  
Are not to be won that way.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

## IF I COULD KEEP HER SO.

JUST a little baby, lying in my arms—  
Would that I could keep you with your baby charms;

Helpless, clinging fingers; downy, golden hair,  
Where the sunshine lingers, caught from elsewhere,  
Blue eyes asking questions, lips that cannot speak,  
Roly-poly shoulders, dimple in your cheek;  
Dainty little blossom, in a world of woe,  
Thus I fain would keep you, for I love you so.

Roguish little damsel, scarcely six years old—  
Feet that never weary, hair of deeper gold;  
Restless, busy fingers, all the time at play,  
Tongue that never ceases talking all the day;  
Blue eyes learning wonders of the world about,  
Here you come to tell them—what an eager shout!  
Winsome little damsel, all the neighbors know;  
Thus I long to keep you, for I love you so.

Sober little school-girl, with your strap of books,  
And such grave importance in your puzzled looks;  
Solving weary problems, poring over sums,  
Yet with tooth for sponge-cake and for sugar plums;  
Reading books of romance in your bed at night,  
Waking up to study in the morning light;  
Anxious as to ribbons, deft to tie a bow,  
Full of contradictions—I would keep you so.

Sweet and thoughtful maiden, sitting by my side,  
All the world's before you, and the world is wide;  
Hearts are there for winning, hearts are there to break,

Has your own, shy maiden, just begun to wake?  
Is that rose of dawning glowing on your cheek,  
Telling us in blushes what you will not speak?  
Shy and tender maiden, I would fain forego  
All the golden future, just to keep you so.

All the listening angels saw that she was fair,  
Ripe for a rare unfolding in the upper air;  
Now the rose of dawning turns to lily white,  
And the close-shut eyelids veil the eyes from sight;  
All the past I summon as I kiss her brow—  
Babe, and child, and maiden, all are with me now.  
Oh! my heart is breaking; but God's love I know—  
Safe among the angels, He will keep her so.

LOUISA CHANDLER MOULTON.

## Life and Character.

### THE HOUSE-TOP SAINT.\*

"YES, yes, sonny, I's mighty fo'handed, and no ways like poo' white trash, nor yet like any of dese onsanctified col'd folks dat grab deir liberty like a dog grabs a bone—no thanks to nobody!"

Thus the sable, queenly Sibyl McIvor ended a long boast of her prosperity since she had become her own mistress, to a young teacher from the North, as she was arranging his snowy linen in his trunk.

"I'm truly glad to hear of all this comfort and plenty, Sibyl; but I hope your treasures are not all laid up on earth. I hope you are a Christian?" asked the young stranger.

Sibyl put up her great hands, and straightened and elevated the horns of her gay turban; and then, planting them on her capacious hips, she looked the beardless youth in the eye, and exclaimed with a sarcastic smile: "You hope I'm a Christian, do you? Why, sonny, I was a 'spectable sort of a Christian afore your mammy was born, I reckons! But for dese last twenty five years, I'se done been a mighty powerful one—one o' de kind dat makes Satan shake in his hoofs—I is one of the house-top saints, sonny!"

"House-top saints? What kind of saints are those?" asked the young Northerner.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Sibyl; "I thought like's not you never even heerd tell on 'em up your way. Dey's mighty scarce anywhar; but de Lor's got one on 'em, to any rate, in dis place and on dis plantation!" replied Sibyl, triumphantly.

"And that is you?"

"Yes, sonny, dat is me!"

"Then tell me what you mean by being a house-top saint?"

"Well, I means dat I's been t'rough all de stories o' my Father's house on arth, from de cellar up; and now I's fairly on de ruff—yes, on de very ridge pole; and dare I sits, and sings, and shouts, and sees Heaven—like you never see it t'rough de clouds down yere."

"How did you get there, auntie?"

"How does you get from de cellar to de parlor, and from de parlor to de chamber, and from de chamber to de ruff? Why, de builder has put sta'rs thar, and you sees 'em, and puts your feet on 'em and mounts, ha?"

"But there are the same stairs in our Father's house for all His children, as for you; yet you say house-top saints are very scarce?"

"Sartin, sonny. Sta'rs don't get people up, 'less dey mounts 'em. If dere was a million o' sta'rs leadin' up to glory, it wouldn't help dem dat sits down at de bottom and howls and mourns 'bout how helpless dey is! Brudder Adam, dere, dat's a black-in' of your boots, he's de husban' o' my bussum, and yet he's nothin' but only a poor, down-cellar 'sciple, sittin' in de dark, and whinin' and lamentin' 'cause he ain't up-stairs! I says to him, says I, 'Brudder'—I's allus called him brudder since he was born into de kingdom—'why don't you come up into de light?'"

"Oh," says he, 'Sibby, I's too unworthy; I doesn't desave de light dat God has made for de holy ones.'"

"Phoo," says I, 'Brudder Adam! Don't you 'member,' says I, 'when our massa done married de

gov'nness, arter old missus' death? Miss Alice, she was as poor as an unfeathered chicken; but did she go down cellar and sit 'mong de po'k barr'ls and de trash 'cause she was poor and wasn't worthy to live up sta'rs? Not she! She tuk her place to de head o' de table, and w'ar all de lacy and jewelry massa gib her, and hold up her head high, like she was sayin', I's no more poor gov'nness, teaching Col'n McIvor's chil'n; but I's de col'n's b'loved wife, and I stan's for de mother of his chil'n, as she had a right to say! And de col'n love her all de more for her not bein' a fool and settin' down cellar 'mong de po'k barr'ls!"

"Dere, sonny, dat's de way I talk to Brudder Adam! But so fur it hain't fatched him up! De poor deluded cretur' thinks he's humble, when he's only low-minded and grovellin' like! It's unworthy of a blood-bought soul for to stick to de cold, dark cellar, when he mought live in de light and warm, up on de house-top!"

"That's very true, Sibyl; but few of us reach the house-top," said the young man, thoughtfully.

"Mo' fools you, den," cried Sibyl. "De house-top is dere, and de sta'rs is dere, and de grand, glorious Master is dere, up 'bove all, callin' to you day and night, 'Frien', come up higher!' He reaches down His shinin' han' and offers for to draw you up; but you shakes your head, and pulls back, and says: 'No, no, Lord; I isn't nothing.' Is dat de way to treat Him who has bought life and light for you? Oh, shame on you, sonny, and on all de down-cellar and parlor and chamber Christians!"

"What are parlor Christians, auntie?" asked the young man.

"Parlor Christians, honey? Why dems is de ones dat gets barly out o' de cellar and goes strait-way and forgets what kind o' creturs dey was down dere! Dey grow proud and dresses up fine, like de worl's folks, and dances, and sings worldly trash o' songs, and has only just 'ligion enough to make a show wid. Our ole missus, she used to train 'mong her col'd folks wuss den ole King Furio did 'mong de 'Gyptians. But, bless you, de minute de parson or any other good brudder or sister come along, how she did tune up her harp! She was mighty 'ligious in de parlor, but she left her 'ligion dere when she went out."

"I do think missus got to Heaven, wid all her infirmities. But she didn't get very high up till de bridegroom come and called for her! Den she said to me, one dead-o'-night: 'O Sibby,' says she—she held tight on to my han'—'O Sibby, if you could only go along o' me, and I could keep hold o' your garments, I'd have hope o' getting through de shinin' gate! Your clothes, and your face, and your hands shines like silver, Sibby!' says she."

"Dear soul," says I, 'dis light you see isn't mine! It all comes 'flected on to poor black Sibyl from de cross; and dere is heaps more of it to shine on to you and every other poor sinner dat will come near enough to catch de rays!'"

"Oh," says she, 'Sibby, when I heard you shoutin' glory to God, and talkin' o' Him on de house-top, I thought it was all su'tition and igno'ance. But now, O Sibby, I'd like to touch de hem o' your garmen', and wipe de dust off your shoes, if I could on'y ketch a glimpse o' Christ.'"

"Do you b'lieve dat you's a sinner, missus?" says I.

\* Congregationalist.



"Yes, de chief o' sinners," says she, with a groan. "Do you b'lieve dat Christ died for sinners, and is able to carry out His plan?" says I.

"Yes," says she.

"Well, den," says I, "if you's sinner 'nough, and Christ is Saviour 'nough, what's to hender your bein' saved? Just you quit lookin' at yourself, and look to Him."

"Den she kotch sight o' de cross, and she forgot herself; and her face light up like an angel's, and she was a new mis-sus from dat yar hour till she went up. She died a singin'":

"In my han' no price I bring,  
Simple to dy cross I cling."

"But she mought a sung all de way along, if she hadn't forgot de humiliation o' de cellar, and 'bused de privileges o' de parlor. Parlors is fine things, but dey ain't made for folks to spen' deir whole time in."

"What's a chamber-saint, auntie?" asked the young man.

"Chamber saints is dem dat's 'scaped de dark and de scare o' de cellar, and de honey-traps o' de parlor, and got through many worries, and so feels a-tired, and is glad o' rest. Dey says: 'Well, we's got 'long mighty well, and can now see de way clar up to glory.' And sometimes dey forgets dat dey's on'y half way up, and thinks dey's come off conqueror a'ready. So dey's very apt to lie down wid deir hands folded, thinkin' dat Satan isn't noyhar now! But he is close by 'em, and he smoooves deir soft pillows, and sings 'em to sleep and to slumber; and de work o' de kingdom don't get no help from dem—not for one while! De chamber is a sort o' half-way house made for rest and comfort; but some turns it into a roostin' place! You know Brudder Bunyan, sonny?"

"No."

"What! never heerd tell o' John Bunyan?"

"Oh, yes."

"I thought you couldn't all be so ignorant 'bout 'ligion up in Boston as dat! Well, you know he wrote 'bout a brudder dat got asleep and los' his roll, and dat's what's de matter wid heaps o' Christians in de worl'. Dey falls asleep and loses deir hope."

"And do you keep in this joyful and wakeful frame all the time, auntie?" asked the young learner.

"I does, honey. By de help o' de Lord, and a contin'l watch, I keep de head ob de ole sarpint mashed under my heel, pretty general. Why, sometimes when he rises up and thrusts his fangs out, I has such power gi'n me to stomp on him dat I can hear his bones crack—mostly! I tell you, honey, he don't like me, and he's most gi'n me up for los'."

"Now, Sibyl, you are speaking in figures. Tell me plainly how you get the victory over Satan."

"Heaps o' ways," she replied. "Sometimes I gets up in de mornin', and I sees work enough for two women ahead o' me. Maybe my head done ache and my narves done rampant; and I hears a voice sayin' in my ear: 'Come or go what likes, Sibby, dat ar work is got to be done! You's sick and tired a'ready! Your lot's a mighty hard one, Sister Sibby'—Satan often has de impudence to call me 'sister'—and if Adam was only a pearter man, and if Tom wasn't lame, and if Judy and Cle'patry wasn't dead, you could live mighty easy. But just you look at dat ar pile o' shirts to iron, 'sides cookin' for Adam and Tom, and keepin' your house like a Christian oughter! Dat's how he 'sails me when I'se weak! Den I faces straight about and looks at

him, and says, in the words o' Scripter: 'Clar out and git ahind my back, Satan!' Dat ar pile o' shirts ain't high enough to hide Him dat is my strength! And sometimes I whisks de shirts up and rolls 'em into a bundle, and heaves 'em back into de clothes-bask't, and says to 'em: 'You lay dar till to-morrow, will you? I ain't no slave to work, nor to Satan! for I can 'ford to wait, and sing a hime to cher my sperits, if I like.' And den Satan drops his tail and slinks off, most general; and I goes 'bout my work a singin':

"My Master bruise de sarpint's head,  
And bind him wid a chain;  
Come, brudders, hololujah shout  
Wid all your might and main!  
Hololujah!"

"Does Satan always assail you through your work?" asked the young stranger.

"No, bless you, honey; sometimes he 'tacks me through my stummick; and dat's de way he 'tacks rich and grand folks, most general. If I eat too hearty o' fat bacon and corn-cake in times gone, I used to get low in 'ligion, and my hope failed, and I den was such a fool I thought my Christ had forgotten to be gracious to me! Satan makes great weepens out o' bacon! But I knows better now, and I keep my body under, like Brudder Paul; and nothin' has power to separate me from Him I loves. I'se had sorrows enough to break down a dozen hearts dat had no Jesus to shar' 'em wid, but every one on 'em has only fotched me nearer to Him! Some folks would like to shirk all trouble on dair way to glory, and swim into de shinin' harbor through a sea o' honey! But, sonny, dere's crosses to bar, and I ain't mean enough to want my blessed Jesus to bar 'em all alone. It's my glory here dat I can take hold o' one end o' de cross, and help Him up de hill wid de load o' poor, bruised and wounded and sick sinners He's got on His hands and His heart to get up to glory! But, la! honey, how de time has flew; I must go home and get Brudder Adam's dinner; for it's one o' my articles o' faith never to keep him waitin' beyond twelve o'clock when he's hungry and tired, for dat allus gi'es Satan fresh 'vantage over him. Come up to my palace some day, and we'll have more talk about de way to glory."

MRS. J. D. CHAPLIN.

"HARLEQUIN TEA-SETS."—The curious practice which has sprung up of late of having sets of china composed of pieces of different patterns and colors, does not come from the fashionable, but from the trade side of the question. A few seasons ago one of the lady-leaders of fashion, while inspecting the stock in a pottery warehouse, was struck by the beauty and artistic effect of a variegated tea-set, and wished to buy it. The shopman explained that what she saw before her was not a tea-set, but only a collection of individual patterns of different sets. All in vain; the lady would have the collection as it stood, and bought it at a fabulous price. Her example spread, and so came into fashion the so-called "harlequin tea-sets," which it is now the right thing for every lady who has any pretensions to *bon ton* to possess.

SWEDISH brides have a custom of letting a shoe slip or a handkerchief fall, in the hope that the bridegroom will, from politeness, stoop to pick it up. If he does, it is believed that it will be his lot to submit—i. e., bend his back—throughout his married life. In Denmark it is still a common saying that a lady who rules her husband has him "under the slipper."

## Scientific, Useful and Curious.

### FAMILIAR BOTANY.

**C**RYPTOGRAMS, you remember, are distinguished from *Phenogams* in having no flowers. The process of fructification is carried on in organs nearly or quite invisible to the naked eye, and which differ widely in the subdivisions of this great order. Ferns, mosses, sea-weeds and fungi are cryptogams—and of these, the only family not beset with immense difficulties in the study thereof, is the one first named. Ferns, you know are noted for their graceful forms and delicate leaves. The foliage part of a fern is called the *frond*. In common language, we would say that a fern produces its seed upon the backs of its fronds—though, as I shall show presently, this is not strictly true. The anatomy and physiology of these seeds, or *spores*, we will leave to expert botanists, contenting ourselves, for the nonce, with observing some of their shapes and positions.

As we ramble through the woods, any day in the year, we are most likely to notice the deep, thick leaves of the evergreen fern, or, as it is sometimes called, Christmas fern. Looking at it closely, you will see that its frond is quite long in proportion to its width, that the leaflets grow semi-alternately along the midrib and have an ear-shaped appendage at the base of each, that the stem is clothed with a sort of a chaff, and that it flourishes alike on dry rocks and moist-wooded hillsides. In mid-summer you will have a chance to observe the fruitage—the seed-dots, originally round and provided with a thin veil, quickly form a thick, confluent mass on the under side of the leaves, turning first yellow, then brown. Try and remember the botanical name, *Aspidium agrostichoides*.

You must not confound this fern with the *Polypodium vulgare*. The two, at first sight, are very similar, as both have coarse leaflets and evergreen fronds. But the latter is much more restricted in locality than the former, and grows mainly upon the rocks, besides, the midrib is not free, as in the *Aspidium* described, but the main leaf seems slashed down alternately until within a short distance of it, leaving, as it were a central margin. The spores, too, are large, round and distinct, like so many brown buttons.

Probably the most beautiful of our native ferns, is the lovely *Asplenium filix femina*, or lady-fern. Though its tall, waving plumes are exceedingly variable, its seeds may always be recognized as growing diagonally, like tiny pockets running out on each side from the midrib. Another *Asplenium*, the ebony spleenwort (*Asplenium ebeneum*), resembles more the evergreen ferns, from its coarse leaflets and spindling form. But, detaching a frond from the crevices of the rocks or stone-walls, which this fern loves best, you will find, in addition to the wiry black stem which gives it the specific name, the diagonal pockets, which stamp it an *Asplenium*. Perhaps, keeping close company with it, you may see the delicate bladder-fern (*Cystopteris fragilis*). This you may know by its slender, pale and irregularly-scalloped leaflets, but especially by its spores, which resemble, under the lens, a tiny bunch of brown berries, from which has been torn off, so that the fragments still hang, a filmy, inflated curtain.

Talking of delicate ferns, we know of none more fully deserving so to be called than the exquisite,

fairy like maiden-hair (*Adiantum pedatum*). In obscure corners of a dense woods a few occasional sprays may be found, though in some localities it is more plentiful. The slender stem, and the beautiful canopy of airy leaves may be easily recognized. In this fern, the seed may be found immediately under the edges of the leaflets rolled inward.

Another fern, exactly the opposite of this one, being stout and coarse, and rising often to the height of six feet or more, produces its fruit in the same way. This is the brake, or bracken (*Pteris aquilina*). Its main stem resembles a high, thick reed, and every separate leaflet a good-sized frond of the lady-fern.

This last often has a neighbor exceedingly similar to itself, being almost as exquisitely graceful in appearance, and far more delicate in texture. A careful comparison, however, will soon show the difference—in the lady-fern, the minute divisions run more to points, in the other, to roundness, so that the former appears more like fringe, the latter, like lace. This is the *Dicksonia punctilobula*. The specific name gives a key to the position of the spores—they are found, in tiny dots, upon the lobules, so that the under side of a frond appears as though punctured with a darning-needle.

The shield-fern (*Aspidium marginale*), might from its locality, size and general appearance, be mistaken at a short distance, for either of the two last considered. But it may easily be seen that it is thick and coarse, in spite of its fine, feathery divisions—in fact, it is almost an evergreen. The spores are small, growing, as the name indicates, near the edge of the frond.

*Aspidium* is a large family. One of its prettiest members is the New York fern (*Aspidium noveboracense*). This is a small, light green fern, growing in moist woodlands, known chiefly, not by its tiny seeds arranged regularly along the midrib, but by its tapering evenly both ways from the middle of the leaf. *Aspidium thelypteris* is a swamp dweller, and is distinguished by having the spores along the edges of the leaflets, these last being placed exactly opposite each other, and by a very long stem, extending down into the water. *Aspidium cristatum*, also found in the bogs, is very like the common Christmas fern, the main difference being that the leaflets are deeply scalloped and mottled with silver.

*Osmunda* is also an extensive family, though we have but three species with us. *Osmunda cinnamomea* or cinnamon-fern, is another sojourner in our swamps. Now we notice for the first time the phenomena of a fern, which, strictly speaking, does not produce fruit on the back of its leaves. We have the spectacle of two kinds of fronds, starting from the same root. In one, the leaflets remain unmodified; in the other, they curl over upon themselves, forming receptacles for the seed, and turn a rich brown. The two, originally similar, are so unlike in appearance as to give to the plant the name of flowering-fern. Clayton's *Osmunda* (*Osmunda interrupta*), seems still more wonderful in its mode of fructification. Sterile and fertile leaflets appear alternately upon the same frond, making it look like a curious succession of little berries and leaves strung together.

The miscalled sensitive-fern (*Onoclea sensibilis*), is

easily recognized by its broad, light green, simply-divided leaves, and its woolly curled fertile frond. What is most remarkable, perhaps, about this, is that the latter hardens like straw, in the fall, so that we may observe in winter, in many damp thickets, a number of black, berry-like bunches, mounted on thick stems, rising above the snow.

The grape-fern (*Botrychium virginicum*), differs from the last genera in having, instead of a separate frond, a distinct prolongation of the main frond, so that the whole seems like a bunch of leaves, above which rises a stem bearing a cluster of tiny grapes. (These, remember, are only modified leaves, curled upon themselves.) The *Botrychium* is an inhabitant of the deep woods.

And another dweller in such places, distinguished by no great eccentricity of structure, is the beautiful beech-fern (*Phegopteris hexagonoptera*). This may be known by its broad, short, finely-divided frond, forming almost a perfect equilateral triangle, at the base of which appear two wings, which run off and above at a totally different angle from the body of the leaf. These I think, are all the ferns that you will be likely to meet with—at any rate, these are the most widely diffused. And when you have learned these thoroughly, you will be well prepared to carry your explorations further. So now I will close my series by saying, success to your botany.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

#### A NEW OPTICAL DELUSION.

MR. SYLVANUS P. THOMPSON, Professor of Physics at University College, Bristol, England, says the *Scientific American*, presented a very peculiar optical delusion at the last meeting of the Société Française. Upon examining the discovery of Mr. Thompson it will be seen that it consists of two distinct phenomena, verified by the annexed engravings.

The first stroboscopic circle consists of a series of concentric rings about one-twentieth of an inch in width and about the same distance apart, (Fig. 1.) It is not positively necessary to adhere to these di-

Fig. 1.



mensions, for the same can be varied in proportion to the audience that is to view the experiments. If the illustration is moved by the hand in a small circle without rotating it, or if it is given the same motion that is required to rinse out a pail, the circle will revolve around its centre in the same direction that the drawing moves, and will complete

a revolution as the drawing completes its circular motion.

For the second experiment a black circle is drawn, the interior of which is provided with a certain number of equidistant teeth (Fig. 2). The drawing being moved in the same manner as above described, the toothed circle will also revolve, but in the contrary direction.

Fig. 2.



The movements are especially interesting and entertaining when the figures are combined as shown in Fig. 3.

The same result is obtained with other concentric curves as well as with circles. By means of a photographic transparency Mr. Thompson was enabled to throw the figure on a screen on a very large scale. The glass plate being moved as before described, caused the figures on the screen to rotate. In this case, also, each circle appeared to rotate around its own centre.

Fig. 3.



No explanation can as yet be given for these curious and interesting facts. Mr. Thompson does not believe the property of the retina to retain images for a certain time can account for this, and we are of the same opinion. Without intending to produce a new theory, Mr. Thompson thinks it best to compare this with some other well-known phenomena, from which a new property may be attributed to the eye.

Brewster and Adams have described phenomena which are equally curious and are analogous to those of Mr. Thompson. They say the eye has the property of "compensation;" that is, if an object or a movement acts upon the eye for a certain time, a sen-

sation complementary to the real action is produced. For instance, if we gaze at the rocks in a cascade and then at the cascade alternately, for a short time, the rocks will appear to move upward; or if we examine a stream below a cascade or waterfall, we will notice that the water flows much faster in the middle than at the sides of the stream. If we look at the mid-

dle and sides alternately the water will seem to flow backward.

These are a few of the phenomena that might be compared with those of Mr. Thompson, and which may arise from a common cause.

*Scientific American.*

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

THE short, plain skirts now in vogue have necessitated a corresponding change in the length of polonaises. So, among the models presented by *La Mode* is one that closes in the front to the depth of a deep basque, and its skirt portion is shirred up in a graceful drapery of wrinkles at the termination of the closing, while below the plaits it falls apart triangularly to the bottom. The new styles generally are very short and bouffant, often scarce reaching to the knee. The back may or may not be also short—very frequently it shows the older curtain style, forming drapery at least three times the length of the front.

Four styles of out-door wraps prevail—the coat, the dolman, the long cloak and the short jacket. Coats, as we have previously intimated, are plain and neat, imitating closely the styles worn by gentlemen. The dolman, or its various mantilla-like modifications, made of cashmere, *drap d'été*, and similar materials, is now, as always, a favorite model to be worn with quiet, dark fall costumes. The long cloak, either of Scotch plaid woolen goods, or of black silk, fur-lined, is exceedingly convenient to throw over a handsome dress which otherwise would become worn by the continued friction of a close-fitting, out-door garment. The jacket, whether made of light or dark cloth, is always a good stand-by for demi-toilettes, for temporary evening wear, and so forth. If of heavy, serviceable cloth, it may be rendered doubly handsome later in the season, by a border of rich fur.

The new autumn materials still display a lavish abundance of color, though in new shades and in finer stripes. Myrtle, olive, plum, *gen d'arme* blue, mahogany and Panama (which last is a new name for old-gold) are among the fashionable tints. Corresponding trimmings, in velvets, satins, etc., even to buttons, are manufactured. In making-up, the fashion of using contrasting materials in one costume

still prevails, though to a more subdued extent than formerly.

Very little appears in bonnets that is new. Light felt and straw hats are seen, mostly setting back well off the face. In garniture, the touches of color are mainly displayed in the flowers, and bows, and facings, the feathers and strings (if worn) being of subdued shades. The principal styles in real bonnets are of the cottage order—many of them will be of soft, fluffy beaver, which the French call *oursin*. Novel fabrics for trimming are crushed velvet, antique satin, uncut velvet, *epingle* and satin-serge. Crushed velvet is streaked in every direction, as if it had been carelessly gathered up and laid under a hard pressure, which creased it here and there without mercy. Antique satin has a soft, glossy pile, like sheared plush pressed flat and smooth by a heavy, hot roller. *Epingle* is a corded velvet or rep texture in one or two colors. It would be well to remember, in contemplating all this finery, that plain black straw hats for this time of year, and later, black velvet bonnets, never go out of fashion, nor do neat, daintily-made black dresses of silk cashmere, merino and the like. Trimming, of course, may be varied from time to time.

The most striking color in new gloves is Panama (old-gold) which may be worn with any costume. With the gay dresses at present in style, care must be taken to have the gloves subdued rather than bright in shade, as gaudy gloves always give a loud effect to the whole appearance. New belts are called military, and are made of broad strips of white, gray, coffee-colored or red canvas-webbing, and are fastened with narrow leather straps. Some of these have small knapsacks attached, in place of the *chatelaine* pocket now so much worn. But this style, like all sensational ones, will probably not last long.

A new way of finishing off the hem of a skirt, is to turn about half an inch up over the facing and dispense with the braid.

## New Publications.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

A Compendium of the Theological Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. By Samuel M. Warren. Second and Revised Edition, with a Biographical Introduction by Hon. John Bigelow. pp. 764. Price, \$3.00.

There are two remarkable things connected with Swedenborg and his writings. One is the indifference with which the religious and scientific world have, for more than a hundred years, regarded both the man and his marvelous labors in the cause of

science and religion—labors, the extent, accuracy and profound character of which dwarf by comparison those of any other man.—The other, and less remarkable—if the claim made by Swedenborg that he was chosen by the Lord as the herald of a New Spiritual Dispensation be really true—is the silent but powerful influence which these writings have exerted; an influence that grows more and more potential every day. Says Mr. Bigelow, in his deeply interesting introduction to this Compendium:

"It is more than a century since this illustrious Swede commenced the publication of his theological



writings. They were all written in the Latin tongue, were published at his own expense in very limited editions, and the earlier ones without his name. Most of the copies were presented by him to public libraries, or to personal friends supposed to be interested in the subjects of them. No special effort was made in his lifetime to attract public attention to their contents. The press of the period seems scarcely to have known of their existence. Quietly, but steadily, however, they have gained readers and their doctrines converts, until now his disciples may be found in every Christian land, his works in the language of every civilized people, and his doctrines more or less leavening the pulpit teachings of every Christian sect. This growth and vitality of a comparatively modern system of religious instruction and Biblical interpretation, is in many respects without a precedent. \* \* \* This vitality seems to be the more exceptional and extraordinary from the fact that Swedenborg took no steps looking to the foundation of a sect. To whatever conclusion, therefore, one may come in regard to the soundness of his teachings, it is clear that he belonged to an order of men very rare in the world; who brought extraordinary gifts to the study of the most important problems of human life; that he is a man from whom much may be learned, and to the secret of whose extraordinary influence no one can afford to be indifferent."

He was born at Stockholm, in Sweden, on the 29th of January, 1688, and died in London on the 29th day of March, 1772, having attained the then unusual age of eighty-four years. Up to his forty-third year, he devoted himself to mechanical, scientific and philosophical studies, with the end of discovering the laws of nature, in order that they might be applied to useful service. "Among all the men who rose to eminence in any of the departments of natural science during his time," says Mr. Bigelow, "it would be difficult to name one whose labors in the different departments of applied science it would be more interesting or more profitable to dwell upon. \* \* \* The mere titles of his scientific works (over seventy in number) are enough to appal the modern student by the evidence they furnish of his industry and the range of his explorations. They also show that this man, whom the world has been disposed to regard as the most chimerical of dreamers, was the most practical as well as the most ingenious of philosophers."

About one-half of Swedenborg's scientific and philosophical works have been published. The rest are still in manuscript. He anticipated many of the more recent discoveries which later scientific explorers have either made or borrowed from his writings. "Heat a Mode of Motion," which is the title given to a volume published not long since by a distinguished scientist, are the exact words in which Swedenborg declares the law therein expounded. He anticipated Laplace by more than thirty years in the discovery that the planets and planetary motion are derived from the sun. Nineteen years before Franklin's famous experiments, he had reasoned out the identity of electricity and lightning. The French chemist, Dumas, ascribes to Swedenborg the creation of the modern science of crystallography; while in his *Specimens of Chemistry and Physics* are to be found the germs of the atomic theory afterwards set forth by Dalton. But space will not permit us to go on with this enumeration, which might be largely extended.

At the age of forty-three, Swedenborg abandoned his scientific pursuits, having been, as he solemnly declared, called by the Lord to a new and higher work and office. From that time he wrote on

spiritual and divine subjects alone. His theological writings are contained in about seventy distinct works, many of the less important of which are still in manuscript. About thirty volumes, most of which were printed during his lifetime, are now published.

It is from these theological works that the large "Compendium" now issued by Messrs. Lippincott & Co. has been made. The work is in no sense a condensation, but is made up of extracts from Swedenborg's text, arranged in the order of subjects, and is the best book for one who desires to gain a complete knowledge of Swedenborg's doctrines that can be found. The portrait on steel, which is given as a frontispiece, is one of the finest which has been engraved.

**Madelon Lemoine.** By Mrs. Leith Adams. A very pretty story of English life in a quiet country village, not wanting in dainty descriptions, sweet sentiments or faithful delineations of character, as well as a decided tragic element. It is a book which can scarce fail to please, and though not remarkable for originality, it is just as far removed from improbability.

FROM M. L. HOLBROOK & CO., NEW YORK.

**Vegetarianism the Radical Cure for Intemperance.** By Harriet P. Fowler. A well-presented series of scientific and sensible arguments in favor of the adoption of a diet excluding meat, both by persons who are liable to intemperance and by reformed drunkards. The writer explains how such a course tends to lessen the nervous excitement and intestinal irritation caused by indulgence in stimulants, and so destroys the appetite for drink. By a vegetable diet is not meant strict abstinence from animal food, such as milk, butter, fish, eggs, etc., but only from flesh-meat, the amount of nutriment so lost being made up by an equally nutritious amount of oatmeal, unbolted flour, fruit, vegetables, cream, chocolate, and the like. We think this little book worthy of an extended circulation.

FROM THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND PUBLICATION HOUSE, 58 READE ST., N. Y.

**The Trial of John Barleycorn, alias Strong Drink.** By Rev. F. Beardsall. John Barleycorn is regularly tried in court, with judge, jury and lawyers, and witnesses for the prosecution and the defense. He is given a fair and impartial hearing in the presence of all who choose to listen; but those testifying for the commonwealth are invariably from among its respectable citizens of various degrees of intelligence, while the friends of the accused are mainly tavern-keepers, tipplers, persons more or less interested, or those misled by ignorance, which finally they are brought to confess. Were this little drama enacted as an evening's entertainment in a village hall, we think it would make a far deeper impression than half a dozen set lectures.

FROM THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION OF NEWARK, N. J.

**A Mother's Story.** By Mrs. A. Elmore. A poem, descriptive of the sufferings of a mother who had lost her son by the demon of drink, and of which it may be said that its deep earnestness of purpose gives it a reason for existence, and perhaps the power to accomplish good. But we think the writer made a mistake in clothing her production in verse; the rhyme takes away much of the real force of the story.

## Notes and Comments.

### HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1880.

#### REDUCED RATES!

With the new year, we shall make an important reduction in the terms of the HOME MAGAZINE, both as to single subscriptions and club rates (as will be seen by our Prospectus for 1880), thus restoring the old popular prices, and bringing it within the reach of a still larger number of persons. We shall, also,

#### INCREASE THE NUMBER OF PAGES,

And add to its value in many ways. For the extent, range and character of its literary matter, for the excellence and variety of its illustrations, and for its peculiar adaptation to the wants, tastes and varied interests of refined American households, we shall make it

#### THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

Magazine of its class in the country.

One of the leading attractions for the coming year will be a new serial story by Miss Virginia F. Townsend, entitled,

#### "HER LIFE IN BLOOM, A SEQUEL TO LENOX DARE,"

In which our readers will learn more of the fortunes of the heroine of Miss Townsend's story of this year, in which so many became deeply interested.

Another attraction will be a new story of American life by Miss Emma E. Brewster, author of "ALMA'S CROWN." It is called

#### "BITTIBAT FARM,"

And presents some new phases of American life and character, drawn with remarkable skill and graphic force.

All of the old favorites, and many who are to be new ones, will write for the "HOME" next year, and fill its pages and various Departments with the best and choicest things they can offer. Such a literary feast as will be given at every monthly reunion of subscribers and contributors, will hardly be surpassed. Let none of our old friends be absent; and let each one bring a friend. Every new guest that comes will find a cordial welcome.

Of the general character of our magazine—now so well known and established—we need say nothing. What we have tried to make it, the editor of the

Westchester (Tenn.) *Guardian* declares it to be when, in a recent number of that paper, he says:

"It is really refreshing to find in one, at least, of the popular monthlies, reading matter that is pure and healthy as well as strengthening. We laid the HOME MAGAZINE down with the thought: Here is reading matter written expressly to build up and strengthen moral character, to elevate and purify, to do good. Not a single article, or even page, but has in it some good moral, and a good purpose is felt and seen in every sentence almost throughout the book, and you feel that you are better for having communed with the minds that teach through its columns."

#### Wasted Sympathy.

UNDER this head, a correspondent sends us the following:

Now and then we meet with an article running over with sympathy for overworked mothers, and containing a great deal about the cares of a family and the trials of housework. All this may be well enough in its way. But the same strain repeated too often, grows tiresome. The time has come, we think, for saying a little on the other side. One would think from reading, that is, if one did not know better, that the mothers and housekeepers are the only beings in the land who have cares and trials, who are ever tired and worn, and who ever need any pity. If they are in such a wretched condition as some of them would have us believe, why are they so ready to exhort the young ladies of their acquaintance to hasten betimes and do as they do?

Dear women, we do not wish to underrate your difficulties and perplexities in the least, for difficulty and perplexity are necessary conditions of human life everywhere. But, knowing the world and the people in it as we do, we are inclined to believe that of these you have the least of any, and that your complaining over what seems to you exceptional and peculiar to yourselves, comes from your ignorance of things outside. It stands to reason that your cares are the lightest, for your lot itself is the happiest. You yourselves would be the very first to be indignant at any imputation that it is not.

Now let us examine what compensations you have for your troubles. First of all, you have not that most terrible of all burdens, the money-care pressing upon your shoulders. You are sure of bread to eat and a roof over your head, even if you sit down and cross your hands before you. Do you know how many thousands there are throughout our land—even tender, womanly women, with the same loving hearts and noble impulses as you have—who are wearing their precious lives out, haunted as by a demon with the agonizing fear that next week will find them destitute of the barest food and shelter? Talk of your petty cares after that! And even if your children do make a noise, and tear their clothes, and muddy the carpets, are they not yours, your very own forever? And are you not dear to them, and does not the very fact of your being, each one of you, the cen-

tre of a household, prove that, if you are doing all your duty, you are not a wanderer through the great, cold world, alone and unloved in the midst of its hurrying throngs? But there are thousands, whether you know it or not, whose hearts are starving, whose souls are sickening and dying for want of the very affection which you value so lightly, and which to them would be as the bread of Heaven in the desert? Oh, you ought to be glad that you have indeed sticks to burn and tatters to mend, if thereby you can give one grain of comfort to those who are dear to you.

Whatever you have not, you have a home and you have love, and what more can any one want as a foundation for the highest success? Everything else in the world, however good, and beautiful, and desirable in itself, is as nothing compared with these things, and by cherishing the greater, the lesser may come. And if you don't stop complaining, and exert yourself with a will, as though you believed that no work, however hard, (of course, don't overdo the matter), was too much when undertaken as a labor of love, you won't deserve an atom of sympathy. We know there are exceptional cases—one woman may have a bad husband, another, slenderness of means, and another, ill-health, to contend with. But, unless you have brought it directly on yourself, your trouble, whatever it may be, is not the worst in the world. When you have conscientiously tried to do your best, accepting your trials as no more than the ordinary discipline, hunting out all the happiness possible for yourselves and those around you, and then have failed—why, then will be time enough to cry out through the press for universal sympathy. Then, we think, you'll deserve it.

#### The Grape Cure.

ONE of the finest grape-growing sections of the country is to be found in the neighborhood of Hammondsport on Lake Keuka, in the State of New York. The place is charming for its picturesque lake and mountain scenery, and summer tourists are flocking there in increasing numbers every year. Referring to the "grape-cure," in connection with this region of vineyards, the *Elmira Advertiser*, says:

"Foreign travelers tell us of the grape cures of Germany, and how every year, as the vintage time arrives, the dwellers in the regions where the grape is not grown, come flocking to the cures, remaining during the grape season, going home refreshed and invigorated for the labors of another year. The Fairchild House at Hammondsport, which during the past season has obtained so enviable a reputation, is to be open from the first of September through the fall and winter, to all intents and purposes as a grape cure. There will still be found the fishing, boating, and delightful drives and in addition to these attractions, is that of the grapes. First, during the latter end of August, comes the delicious and delicate Delaware and the succulent, luscious Concord, then in quick succession ripen the other varieties, many of which remain upon the vines until late in the fall, the more durable kinds being preserved in their freshness by a process practiced nowhere except upon Lake Keuka, we believe. We asked a French gentleman of culture, who had spent many years in Germany, for what disease the grape-cure was thought most beneficial. He replied for all, especially those of the liver and stomach, and acting, as it does, upon these organs the body is refreshed, the brain made clear and a healthy tone to the system generally the result.

What can offer a more desirable combination of pleasure and profit during the fall months than the Fairchild House, Lake Keuka, in its gorgeous beauty, boating, fishing, moonlight excursions, sulphur springs, and last, but not least, plenty of grapes? Write to the Fairchild Bros., and find out all about it."

#### Autumn Decorations.

LADIES throughout the land know all about crimson maple and sumac leaves, pressed ferns, Florida moss, pine cones and the silky pericarps of the wild clematis. They know of the beautiful wreaths, and bouquets, and wall-ornaments which are generally made about this time of year. But we fancy we hear many of them exclaiming, as we have heard before: "Oh, I'm not going to have any this season. They don't last long, and then they fall and litter up the house."

This, however, is not the experience of all. Many indeed do have their decorations to last throughout the winter, and keep their beauty until late the following spring. But this is not the point we wish to impress.

What if your brilliant spoils from the woods, should turn brown and shrivel away within a few weeks? Were they any less beautiful while they lasted because so short-lived? And enduring but the shortest time, did not your spray of deep red oak leaves survive the hardiest roses that ever filled your vases? Yet whoever objected to flowers in the house because they did not last long, and because (if allowed to) they would fall and litter up the house?

No, in this sense as perhaps in a higher, you have been misled by the gorgeousness surpassing that of the flowers to which you are most accustomed, and so have expected too much. Because they will pass away so soon, why should you not enjoy autumn's treasures while they do last? Everything or nothing is sometimes a short-sighted policy. Not in vain, we hope, have we plead for a few weeks of autumn decorations.

#### Etching on Linen.

A VERY beautiful and artistic way of ornamenting pillow-shams, napkins, towels and so forth, is to draw upon them spirited designs, such as flowers, ferns, birds, grasses, grotesque figures and initials. The more simple the sketch, the more effective it is likely to be, and such decoration affords employment which is at once graceful, interesting and profitable. We subjoin a few hints on the subject.

The day before intending to work, prepare the linen by washing over with a thin preparation of gum. Wash out previously any starch or dressing. In smooth fabrics the design is to be put on *with* the grain, twilled, *across* it. When ready to commence operations, smooth the material over with a warm iron (not a *hot* one), so as to remove all the dampness that the gum may have absorbed. Now comes the real work.

If uncertain of your hand, the sketch may be first outlined with a lead-pencil, or even transferred with tracing paper. Mistakes, remember, cannot be rectified, so proceed carefully. Use only the best indelible ink, which must be shaken frequently so that every penful will flow easily. Never press the pen into the linen, but keep it on top. For the heavy lines, use an ordinarily fine pen, and for the delicate lines, a small map pen.

When finished, the article should be exposed immediately to the sun, unless the day be damp, in which case it must be put away in a warm, dry place, secure from all moisture. Six hours' exposure to the sun will be sufficient to set the lines, but to give the design its full effect, no less than two or three days will be required. Such a procedure will insure softness and blackness, which will add very much to the art itself.

H.

#### Display at Funerals.

MANY efforts are being made to check and avoid the extravagance attendant on funerals. The floral offerings, which in too many cases had become almost shocking in their vulgar display of crowns, wreaths, crosses, broken columns, and all manner of ingenious devices, are going out of fashion. So are the long lines of carriages following the plumed hearse, and filled too often with people whose animated faces and lively conversation showed how little they were affected by the death of the one whose obsequies they were attending. The tendency is toward less and less intrusiveness. Sorrow is too sacred a thing for public exhibition. We note another change in the direction of avoiding display. It is said that in New York it is not now uncommon to have the funeral services in the day preceding the interment. On the day following, the immediate friends accompany the remains to the grave. The custom of putting the whole household in mourning garments is also giving way. Little children dressed in deep black, once so familiar a sight, are rarely to be met with now.

#### What it Costs to Smoke.

SOME one, expert in figures, has taken the pains to show what it costs a man to smoke. He bases his computation on a weekly expenditure of one dollar, the amount, twenty-six dollars, being brought in as capital at the end of every six months, compounding the interest at seven per cent. per annum. It sums up at the end of

5 years.....	\$304.96	45 years.....	\$15,680.59
10 years.....	735.15	50 years.....	22,423.98
15 years.....	1,311.97	55 years.....	31,336.19
20 years.....	2,193.94	60 years.....	45,354.11
25 years.....	3,405.37	65 years.....	64,281.41
30 years.....	5,108.56	70 years.....	90,980.22
35 years.....	7,511.08	75 years.....	128,641.54
40 years.....	10,900.07	80 years.....	181,773.12

Rather an imposing array of figures for an old smoker with a very light purse in his pocket to con over when too late to make a fresh start in life. But not to the smoker alone are these figures suggestive. The lesson they teach is for all who habitually spend small sums in useless self-indulgences, which too often impair the health, while they waste the substance.

"KNOWLEDGE is not wisdom; it is only the raw material from which the beautiful fabric of wisdom is produced. Each one therefore should not spend his days in gathering materials, and so live and die without a shelter."

"FOR the lack of a fair portion of courage and self-possession quite as many lives are lost as through the threatened calamity. Not holding themselves under control, men lose all power of acting reasonably, and often rush blindly into the danger they seek to avoid."

## Publishers' Department.

### CATARRH OF ELEVEN YEARS STANDING CURED IN THREE MONTHS.

WE knew nothing of the result in this case until the following letter, voluntarily sent, came to hand. The testimonial, coming as it does from a gentleman occupying so high a position in his State, is one of great value.

"State Normal School, River Falls, Wisconsin,  
September 4th, 1879.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN—Gents: After enduring post-nasal catarrh for eleven years, at times greatly annoyed and sickened by the abundance of the secretions, in the full belief that catarrh is incurable, I procured your *Compound Oxygen*, and after three months' steady application the secretion wholly ceased and has not yet returned, six months having elapsed since I have used the *Oxygen*. I therefore commend your specific to the thousands of sufferers from catarrh, with its attendant ills.

"I shall take pleasure in testifying for the benefit of any inquirer. Respectfully,

W. D. PARKER,

President State Normal School."

The action of "COMPOUND OXYGEN" in catarrhal cases has always been prompt, and we have on record many remarkable cures. Among these is the case of HON. WILLIAM D. KELLEY. We give his full letter to Dr. Starkey.

"West Philadelphia, June 6th, 1877.

"DR. G. R. STARKEY, Philadelphia:

"Dear Sir: Just about four years have elapsed since, overcoming a violent prejudice against any treatment that was offered as a specific for a wide range of apparently unrelated diseases, I yielded to the wishes of my friends, and abandoning other medicine, put myself in your charge.

"Gratitude to you and duty to those who may be suffering as I was from chronic catarrh and almost daily effusion of blood, in greater or less quantities, but always sufficient to keep one reminded of his mortality, impel me to say to you, and to authorize you to give any degree of publicity to my assertion, that the use of your gas, at intervals, has so far restored my health that I am not conscious of having discharged any blood for more than a year; and that my cough, the severity of which made me a frequent object of sympathy, has disappeared.

"In short, my experience under your treatment has convinced me that no future dispensatory will be complete that does not embrace the administration, by inhalation or otherwise, of your agent, or its equivalent, to those who, from their vocation or other cause, are, as I was, unable to assimilate enough of some vital element to maintain their systems in healthful vigor.

"Thanking you for renewed health, strength and the hope of years of comfortable life, I remain

"Your grateful friend,

"WILLIAM D. KELLEY."

Our Treatise on COMPOUND OXYGEN, which is sent free, contains a great deal of valuable information for invalids; besides the record of a large number of remarkable cures.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,  
1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.



1880      REDUCED TERMS!      1880

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

For over two y-six years, ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE has been an annual and welcome visitor in tens of thousands of American homes, and there are now subscribers on our list who have taken it from the very beginning, and who could not be induced to give it up for any other magazine published.

They have learned that its publishers always keep their promises; that the interest of its pages never flags; that its literature is of the purest character; and its illustrations of a high order of merit.

**Taking literary rank with the best periodicals of the day**, it claims to be in its peculiar characteristics and varied departments **more thoroughly identified with the people** than any other magazine of its class, going into their homes, not only as a power for good, but as a pleasant companion and friend, **interested in all that interests the household**, and ready to help, comfort, amuse, instruct and delight all, from the oldest to the youngest.

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Its publishers spare no effort to make it better and better with each recurring year.

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It is on the side of temperance, morality and religion, and especially of that religion which rests on the Golden Rule, and makes itself felt at home and in honest dealing.

Its illustrations are attractive, and never offend good taste or decency.

It contains a large amount of reading, always very choice.

In matters of household economy it meets the varied wants of housekeepers, giving domestic receipts, hints and experiences from the pens of practical housewives.

Its illustrations of Fashions are **practical, and give help, and not bewilderment and disgust**, to those who wish to know the new and prevailing styles.

If you have never taken the **HOME MAGAZINE**, try it for a year, and we are sure that you will find, in its twelve monthly visits, a pleasure and profit never before gained at so cheap a rate.

Before subscribing to any other magazine this year, send ten cents for a specimen number of the "**HOME**," and **give it a careful examination.**

## WHAT IS SAID BY THE PRESS:

The best monthly magazine published in America.—*News*, Clinton, Mich.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE is one of the best that reaches this office.—*Free Press*, Ripon, O.

Among the choicest and best of the periodicals visiting our table is ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—*Star*, Baldwin, Mich.

Bright and sparkling as ever, and filled with everything to make it a welcome guest in every household.—*National Independent*, Paw Paw, Mich.

If you want a magazine that is in every respect a model, both in appearance and matter, subscribe for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—*Home Monthly*.

There are always daintily-illustrated articles, and the most sensible fashion plates to be found anywhere. The Magazine is unexceptionable.—*Weekly Aurora*, Cleveland, Ohio.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for April is as bright and fresh as a June rose, full to overflowing with choice reading, and contains fashion plates that cannot be excelled

for beauty and display of fine taste.—*Weekly Herald*, Clinton, Ind.

T. S. Arthur always has a practical aim in his writings, and those who take his **HOME MAGAZINE** find this aim well carried out in wise suggestions in the various departments, from the first pages, with fully illustrated fashions, to the last leaves, with recipes and hints of every sort to housekeepers, wives and mothers. The stories, poetry and selections are chosen with care, and aim to elevate, instruct or refine.—*Contributor*, Boston, Mass.

It is really refreshing to find in one, at least, of the popular monthlies, reading matter that is pure and healthy as well as strengthening. We laid the **HOME MAGAZINE** down with the thought: Here is reading matter written expressly to build up and strengthen the moral character; to elevate and purify; to do good. Not a single article, or even page, but has in it some good moral, and a good purpose is felt and seen in every sentence almost throughout the book, and you feel that you are better for having communed with the minds that teach through its columns.—*Guardian*, Westchester, Tenn.

## REDUCED TERMS FOR 1880.

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3 " " "	5.00
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8 " " and one to club-getter,	12.00

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T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 227 South Sixth Street, Philada.

# Compound Oxygen.

ITS USE by the MEDICAL PROFESSION STEADILY INCREASING.

## REPORT OF CASES.

The number of physicians who are making use of Compound Oxygen in cases where all other remedies known to them have failed to give relief, is steadily and rapidly increasing. With what results, a few cases will show. From the larger number of these physicians, we get but meagre and qualified reports—from many no reports at all; but a steady increase in the orders for Oxygen which they are sending, is the best evidence we can have of the good results which are following its administration in their hands.

### REPORT No. 28.

A physician in Illinois, who has been using the Compound Oxygen, writes, September 15th, 1879:

"I have a patient here whom I am visiting, and as it is a complicated case of long standing, and as I cannot remain with the case but a short time, I propose to administer the Compound Oxygen, and wish you to express me a two months' supply, with inhaling apparatus, and for which I inclose a Post-office order.

"I improve the occasion, when I am called on to visit patients at a distance, to recommend the use of Compound Oxygen in all chronic cases; and I shall hope to extend its use in this section of the West, for in my limited experience with it among my patients, I feel much gratified with the effect produced by its administration."

### REPORT No. 29.

"Your Home Treatment," says a physician in Vermont, who has had several Treatments, "does splendidly in lung diseases."

### REPORT No. 30.

A physician in Virginia under date of September 5th, 1879, writes: "Inclosed you will find \$— for which you will forward me another Compound Oxygen Treatment. My cases are still improving. My daughter considers herself well."

### REPORT No. 31.

Dr. L., residing in — Iowa, with whom we had had some correspondence, wrote for a Treatment for himself, saying: "I have had nasal catarrh for years, and asthma as well as palsy, and have put my alopathy to the test. Tried homoeopathy and eclecticism. \* \* \* Since my last to you I have had six weeks' siege of acute bronchitis, and probably six days would have been enough if I had had the Compound Oxygen to inhale." The almost illegible writing of the letter showed the pained condition of the writer. A few weeks later we received another communication, inclosing an order for a second Treatment, written in a comparatively steady hand, in which he says: "Having used the Compound Oxygen you sent me for my own person in treating my asthma and palsy, and been greatly benefited, I wish to be prepared to extend the benefits of so valuable a practice to the afflicted."

Considering how incredulous the profession is in regard to any new discoveries in the healing art, especially if it be outside of their particular school, or not wholly in agreement with accepted theories, it will be seen that such testimony in favor of Compound Oxygen as that offered above is of more than usual value. The physicians who have used it so successfully on their patients do not belong to a class of men who give any new thing their indorsement unless they are well satisfied as to the validity of its claim.

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

G. R. STARKEY, A.M., M.D.  
G. E. PALEN, Ph.B., M.D.

### REPORT No. 32.

A case of consumption, complicated with other diseases, which had progressed so far that little hope of recovery was entertained. Compound Oxygen was then tried by the patient's two physicians, one of whom thus writes, July, 7th, 1879:

"The case has passed through two very severe crises. We (Dr. A. and myself) feared it would terminate fatally. But we are happy to say that she is better this morning than for three months past. The quantities of yellow, green and brown matter which she has expectorated, with ease, is astonishing. Last Friday and Saturday she suffered from severe pains in the liver and bowels followed by diarrhoea, which was very alarming; to-day we find her sitting up, tongue cleaned, pulse changed from one hundred and twenty to ninety, voice stronger than for months, eyes have lost the strange, wandering look peculiar to such cases; appetite good. The whole scene has changed in the course of forty-eight hours. When taking our leave on Saturday evening, we had fears that we should never hear her voice again while in the flesh; yet did not quite give her up, as we advised the continuation of the Oxygen. Had to provide a rubber tube to inhale through, as she could lie in only one position.

"Considering the family, and the notoriety the case has gained after going through the hands of so many physicians, you may well understand our happy surprise on entering the sitting-room this morning and receiving an introduction from her mother to the 'new girl.'

"Whether this is to be lasting or not, it is of course too soon to say; but of one thing we are certain, there is something in Oxygen. Was convinced the theory was right when I first saw it advertised."

### REPORT No. 33.

Dr. S — R —, who has a large number of patients under his care at a celebrated Mineral Spring in the State of Indiana, treating them for various chronic diseases, has commenced using Compound Oxygen in connection with his other treatment. Of the result so far, he writes:

"I have with pleasure and considerable profit used your Compound Oxygen Treatment in two of my cases. One a case of asthma, with contraction of the diaphragm. It has relieved this patient surprisingly. Sleeps now eight hours at a time, something unknown for years. The other patient with whom I am using it is Judge — of —. He is one of the most prominent men of the State, and a devout Christian. Says that he remembers Drs. Starkey and Palen daily in his prayers. The Judge's case is well described in Professor Hiccock's certificate in your book, on page 131. I have some other cases on which I wish to try the Treatment. The two patients mentioned will leave the Springs this week for home, and I have advised them to send and get the Treatment, and continue it at home, which they propose to do. \* \* \* I wish I had known of your Treatment long ago; I could have sold you thousands, and have been a blessing to humanity. You will hear from me often."